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MR. FARRON FINDS A SUBSEDER.

(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT II.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

SCENE IV.

MISS HOWSON MAKES A CONQUEST.

Miss Annie Howson sat alone in her parlor anxiously expecting a visit from the Doctor, and when she heard the door bell ring, she, imagining who it was, opened it herself in preference to waiting for the servant.

"What a naughty man you are, not to have called on me for so long a time," she said when they were seated together in the parlor.

"How could I be sure you wanted to see me?" He asked the question in the tone of a man who felt confident he could receive but an answer.

"You may be certain I am always pleased to see you."

She looked down for a moment, and blushed slightly; and the Doctor, emboldened, drew up nearer to her.

"You almost encourage me to tell a secret," he said, "You are so kind. May I?"

"I suppose so," she answered, half affecting not to understand him. "Women are always fond of secrets."

"Mine is a very important one to me."

"I hope it is nothing wicked!" she said looking up to him with a soft gentle light in her eyes which said very clearly that she did not think he could in any way be connected with a wicked secret.

Hard as he was, and passionately as he loved her he could not repress a slight blush, the question was so pertinent to his thought. But he quickly recovered and even managed to smile as he placed his arm round her waist and drew her gently towards him whispering:

"Nothing very wicked, unless it is wicked to love you."

She made a very slight movement as if to draw away from him, but he pressed her a little closer and took her hand, which remained passive and unresisting in his, as he continued:

"Yes, Annie, I love you tenderly, devotedly,

sincerely, with all the strength and passion of my nature. I have loved you from the moment I first beheld you, but feared to speak dreading you might think me too presumptuous. But I can resist no longer, I must know my fate to-night. Tell me, can you care a little for me?"

He drew her still closer to him and pressed the hand she did not withdraw, and her head dropped gradually towards him until it rested on his shoulder.

This was exactly the kind of love-making Miss Howson liked. She could not have believed any man loved her if he stood calmly before her and told her so. She did not exactly care that he should drop on his knees, but that arm around her felt very comforting, it suggested protection and all that sort of thing, and the occasional pressure of her hand was very pleasant.

She had had many flirtations and several proposals before, but none which came so nearly up to her idea of how a man should tell a girl he loved her. The words he used certainly did sound very much like dozens of similar speeches she had read in the cheap literature she was so fond of, but what of that, they were so sweetly uttered.

Until now she had only thought she loved the Doctor, now she felt sure of it, and a slight sigh of pleasure escaped her as she allowed him to draw her still a little closer to him.

"Look up at me, darling, and let me read in your eyes, whether there is any hope for me."

She raised her head for an instant and looked

at him with happy tears standing in her lustrous eyes. Ere she could replace her head upon his shoulder, he drew her blushing face towards him and kissed her.

"And you will be my wife?"

She did not answer in words, but her eyes replied for her, and as he drew her to him again and pressed her unresisting lips, he felt that he had almost accomplished his object. "Annie Howson and one hundred thousand dollars."

Yet at that moment there arose before him the remembrance of another woman he had once loved as passionately, and he involuntarily shuddered as he thought of the terrible means he had decided on for extricating himself from the dangerous position in which he was placed.

"Harry," said Miss Howson, and she flushed up a little as she used the word, for it was the first time she had addressed him by his christian name, "Harry, I'm afraid you will have trouble with papa in getting his consent."

"Do you think so?"

For the first time the possibility of a refusal from Mr. Howson occurred to him. His acquaintance with that gentleman was very slight, and not particularly cordial, and it now seemed to him very likely that he would refuse to give his daughter's hand to a man of whose past life he knew nothing, and with whom he had been acquainted for less than a year.

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BELLS.

Swing--sway--swell on the air,
Wild waves of sound, and away:
Tones loudly telling of joy or despair;
The madness of folly, the sadness of care;

The toll for the dead, the peal for the fair
And the young on the bridal day.
Swing--sway--swell now in sighs,
Wild waves of sound, and away:

Float o'er the billows that threatening rise,
Hope-tongued fly forward through lowering skies,
To the strong one who lives, to the weak one who
dies.

To the faithful who watch on and pray.

Swing--sway--swell loud and long,
And tell him who drifts with the gale,
That she who is faithful now prays to the Strong
To guard him from shipwreck and save him from
wrong.
The lures of the tempter, the soft siren's song,
Where glistening the southern stars pale.

Swing--sway--swell low and sweet,
Bells of the bleak wintry night:
Away now in sound-waves, O messengers fleet!
Tell him I love well, my poor words repeat:
The old year dies quickly, the new year we greet;
Tell him the old love burns bright.

And oh! as ye swing and sway on the wind,
Swift to my sailor and tell,
As the old year is dying, though sometimes unkind,
Though friends may be faithless and memory blind,
Life's storms may be raging, a haven he'll find
In this heart that loves truly and well.

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"The Great Emperor has become a guest in Heaven." Such were the words in which was officially announced the death of that dissipated monarch, the late Emperor of China, who, eleven years ago, tottered into his grave a decrepit, worn-out man of barely thirty years of age. His reign (1851-1861) had not been a fortunate one—its commencement had witnessed the capture of the southern capital by the Taeping rebels, and its close was preceded by the occupation of Peking by the allied armies—and probably few mourned for him, except, perhaps, the three hundred young ladies whom he left widows, and who, by his death, incurred the penalty of enforced celibacy in the "Cold Palace" during the remainder of their natural lives. Happily, in this instance, the country was spared that common sequel to the death of an Eastern monarch, a disputed succession, for only one son, a boy of eight years old, survived his polygamous father. On this lad, therefore, devolved the crown and the prospective duty—when he should come of age—of ruling the three hundred millions of China. Meanwhile, a regency, under the presidency of the Dowager Empress and the boy's mother, on whom was bestowed the same rank by brevet, undertook the management of him and his affairs. The virile toga is donned early in the East, and, in accordance with Chinese Imperial etiquette, the young Emperor should have assumed that habit three years ago; but, for political reasons, the regency has, up to this time, kept him in the school-room. Now, however, at the ripe age of seventeen, His Imperial Majesty Tung-chi proclaims himself a man, and steps forward to take the reins of power. But the "Book of Ceremonies" lays it down as a rule that before a sovereign attempts to rule his kingdom, he should try his hand on the management of a household. "Marriage is the source of all rites," says that venerable book; and it was obviously necessary, therefore, that, before beginning his political career, he should enter into the complicated relations of imperial wedded life.

Kings and rulers are seldom allowed to follow their unrestrained inclinations in the selection of their wives, and to the Emperor of China is denied even the small latitude of choice which is accorded to European monarchs. But, on the other hand, he has this inestimable advantage over his Western brethren, that, whereas their domestic comfort is in a great measure dependent on the dispositions of their solitary consorts, he can seek safety from the caprices of one wife in the society of a multitude. This consideration doubtless helped to render his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi quite indifferent as to the result of the efforts of the two Dowager Empresses to settle him in life. Of the steps taken by the two ladies the *Peking Gazette*, that meagre and solitary journal of Chinese officialdom, gives us very faint indications. But here the immutability of Chinese manners and customs stand us in good stead, since, in the pages of the "Ritual," which was compiled for the guidance of the founders of the "Great Pure" dynasty, we find an accurate picture of the modes of procedure which have, of late, been agitating the masters of ceremonies and the female world within the yellow-glazed tiles of the Imperial Palace. To begin at the beginning, we must go back for more than a year, for alliances of so august a nature are not to be arranged in a hurry; and if we had chanced to be in the "Hall of Great Harmony" one day in the beginning of the autumn of 1871, we should have been witnesses of the first act in the great matrimonial drama. Early in the morning we should have seen arrangements in course of being made for some great ceremony; we should have seen the throne duly prepared for its royal occupant; we should have seen one table so placed as to lead us instantly to recognize it as the future depository of an imperial decree, and another as that of the great seal; we should have seen secretaries busy, and chamberlains ordering servants and drilling court gentlemen.

Everything ready, music would announce the approach of the imperial sedan-chair, borne by innumerable coolies, and preceded, surrounded, and followed by heralds, marshals, eunuchs, and all the great officers of state. Amid a constant succession of bows, genuflections and prostrations, the boy-Emperor would ascend the steps to the throne, and seat himself thereon. The heralds would advance and proclaim to the assembled representatives of the Empire that, in obedience to the orders of the Dowager Empresses, his Imperial Majesty had determined to make choice of an Empress, and that a commissioner and two deputy-commissioners had been appointed to recommend a lady of the Empire for that great honor. As soon as the herald's voice had ceased the Emperor would move slowly through a crowd of prostrate officials to his sedan-chair, and when, surrounded by his followers, he had started for the apartments of the Dowager Empresses to announce the conclusion of the ceremony, we might mingle with the mob of servitors in the courtyard to inspect the betrothal presents. On one side we should find standing in a row ten trained horses; ten suits of armor, intended to clothe the limbs of as many male relations of the future Empress, would be spread out on numerous tables; and a hundred pieces of silk and twice as many pieces of cloth would be laid ready to form the nucleus of the bridal trousseau.

With haste have the Imperial Commissioners set about the execution of their quadruple errand—for, in addition to an Empress, they were officially charged with the selection of three young ladies to occupy the rank of junior wives. It was said at first that the daughter of the Tartar General at Canton was to share the Imperial throne, but inquiry proved that she was past the prescribed age, so the Commissioners carried their investigations elsewhere, with the result made known by the following decree promulgated by the Dowager Empresses in February last: "His Majesty the Emperor, having been called upon to occupy the throne while yet young, has now entered on the eleventh year of his reign, and it becomes our duty to select a virtuous lady to be his consort and Empress, that she may aid him in the cultivation of imperial virtue, and assist him in regulating the affairs of his palace. We have chosen Ah-lu-te, the accomplished and virtuous daughter of Chung-chi, secretary in the Han-lin College, as Empress. And we have further selected Fucha, the daughter of Fenghsin, clerk in the Board of Punishments, to be the first; Ho-sheli, daughter of Prefect Chung-ling, to be second; and Ah-lu-te, daughter of the ex-lieutenant-general Sai Shang-ah, to be the third junior wife." These preliminaries being settled, the professors of the Fungshuiway art were called in to choose an auspicious day for the ceremony. Fortunately for the manufacturer of imperial silk, these learned men declared that the 16th of October was the first day on which the influences of heaven and earth worked together for the good of imperial brides and bridegrooms, and sufficient time was thus given him for the preparation of the thirty thousand rolls of silk which custom lays down as the quantity required to clothe the limbs of the young Empress. Of how many patterns these are composed we are not told; but this we know, that six colors, symbolical of as many virtues, must be found amongst them. The rolls of white silk, which but the other day left the looms of Soochow, have, doubtless, already been transformed into robes emblematic of sincerity, clothed in which the Empress will receive visitors, and pay her respects to her liege lord. At the grand sacrifice to the ancient Emperors next spring her Imperial Majesty will call upon her dressers for the dust-colored robe, in token that the mulberry training season has begun, and on the other great festivals of the year she will wear, in turn, dark-blue, light-blue, and red, embroidered with strangely-fashioned and brightly-colored pheasants. At the time of full moon, when she and she alone of all the inmates of the harem has the right of access to the Emperor's private apartments, she will be carried thither dressed in black, the personification of the female principle of nature.

As the time draws near, the preparations within the palace for the reception of the imperial bride are hurried forward, and on the day before the ceremony the preliminary form of respectfully announcing to heaven and to earth the approaching event is solemnly gone through. And now, on the great day of the feast, the "Hall of Great Harmony" is again the scene of bows and prostrations. Thither, early in the morning, the Emperor goes in state, to the music of drums and bells, and surrounded by all the chief officers of his household, to hear the decree read, in which is officially announced the immediate arrival of the Empress Elect. That done, the Commissioners, eunuchs, and ladies-in-waiting march in procession to the house of the fortunate secretary of the Han-lin College to claim his daughter. Surrounded by his sons and male relatives, Chung-chi meets them at the front gate and conducts them through courtyard after courtyard into the great hall. Here the imperial decree announcing the marriage is again read, and Chung-chi kneels thrice and bows down his head to the ground nine times in token of his sense of the honor done him. The eunuchs and ladies-in-waiting then lead out Ah-lu-te, who first makes obeisance to the throne, and then, after listening to the deed of registration read by the lady heralds, takes leave of her mother and steps into the bridal sedan. At the front gate her father kneels and bids her adieu, and the pro-

cession forms up. First comes the imperial band, followed by carts, carrying the Commissioners; next comes the bride, then the maids of honor; after them the eunuchs on foot, and last of all the gentlemen-in-waiting. At the "Bridge of the Golden Waters," within the palace, the Commissioners dismount, and when the procession reaches the "Firm and Pure Palace" the eunuchs invite Ah-lu-te to descend from her much-bedizened chair. In the centre hall the Emperor meets his bride for the first time, and with the ordinary ceremony of drinking the loving cup the marriage is complete. But there is yet no rest for poor little Ah-lu-te. The instant that she becomes Empress she goes in state to visit the Dowager Empresses, and in return for three genuflections and as many obeisances has the honor of lunching with those august ladies. The "Rituals" leave her undisturbed for the rest of the day, but on the morrow she pays visits to the Dowager Empresses and the Emperor, and receives the congratulations of the Court officials. In the afternoon the Emperor bestows wedding-gifts on her parents and brothers. To the former he gives 200 taels of gold, 10,000 taels of silver, 1,000 pieces of silk, 20 trained horses, 20 stud horses, and 20 suits of armor; to the latter, 100 taels of gold, 5,000 taels of silver, 500 pieces of silk, 1,000 pieces of cloth, 6 horses, a suit of armor, a box of bows, a quiver of arrows, 2 suits of court clothes each, 2 ordinary suits of clothes, 2 fur robes, and a girdle. Afterward he entertains her father, brothers, and male relatives, and the officers of the household at a great feast; while to Madame Chung-chi, her daughter, and to the great ladies of the palace, the Dowager Empresses show like hospitality. With these festivities the festivities are brought to a close, and the palace-gates shut on her Imperial Majesty Ah-lu-te, to be opened only when duty and the "Book of Rites" agree in declaring it to be necessary.

As each junior wife and concubine arrives she will be conducted with modified splendor to the "Hall of Great Harmony," to which place the Emperor will come in state to "inspect" the new acquisition to his harem. On these occasions the loving cup, the sole ceremony which constitutes marriage, will be wanting, and after the "inspection" the lady will retire to her apartments, there to remain a prisoner, the victim of monotonous palace routine, for the remainder of her life. The present must be a busy time for the Lord High Chamberlain, and the "Hall of Great Harmony" must be the scene of many an assemblage of "fair women and brave men," for the Empress and three junior wives form but the nucleus of the harem over which the Emperor is called upon to exercise his administrative abilities. Nine wives of the second class, twenty-seven of the third class, and eighty-one concubines are yet to be added to this number before the requirements laid down in the "Rituals" are fully complied with. Fortunately, for the peace of the guardians of these young ladies, abundance of official occupation is provided for their fair charges, by the constant recurrence of state ceremonies. Seventeen and eighteen are mischievous ages; and if this were not so it is probable that his Imperial Majesty would find the exercise set him of ruling a hundred and twenty idle and pampered young women far more difficult than the more important task of governing an empire.

At all the great religious festivals in the year the Empress, attended by bevy of her inferior rivals, plays a prominent part. She holds levees, at which the Court ladies attend, and pays visits to the wives of the chief officers of state. On the death of a minister she either goes herself to condole with the widow, or sends one of the three junior wives of the first rank to represent her. She exercises jurisdiction over the imperial concubines, and examines with care the work done by them in the year. On all state occasions, when the Empress is unable to be present, the three senior wives act as her deputies, and on her decease they play the part of chief mourners. To the lot of the wives of the second-rank falls the duty of instructing the nine troops, into which the twenty-seven wives of the third rank and the eighty-one concubines are divided, in the virtues, language, deportment and work which are fitting for them. They attend on the Empress at all state funerals, and add loud wailings to her lamentations. They superintend the female servants of the palace, and they prepare the objects to be offered at the great sacrifices. In each and all of these various services the concubines play inferior parts. Their special duty is to assist the wives of the third rank in managing the servants, and in preparing for the religious services. Some of them also help the thirty-two eunuch tailors to make the clothes of the court, and others find employment in similar company as dressers to the Empress and junior wives. These and the numerous other duties expected of them are quite enough, if faithfully performed, to keep the hundred and twenty-one pairs of little hands busily engaged. The "Rituals" declare that there shall be no drones within the palace, and let us hope that her Majesty Ah-lu-te and her hundred and twenty rivals, who are now assembling round the boy-Emperor, will prove themselves as diligent as are said to have been the model ladies of days gone by.

If to the performance of his public functions we add the duty of his becoming acquainted with all these fair daughters of Han, it is plainly impossible that the Emperor can pass his days in idleness; and down to the minutest detail the "Rituals" prescribe the part he is to play in all and every capacity, whether as king upon

his throne, as priest before the altar, or as paterfamilias in the midst of his domestic joys. And this illustrates the peculiar position which the Emperor of China occupies among the monarchs of the East. As a temporal sovereign he is obeyed, and as a spiritual ruler he is worshipped. In his double claim to supremacy he somewhat resembles the kings of Hebrew history, and finds his approximate counterpart in modern times in the Pope of Rome. The sacredness of his person throws a religious halo around every action of his life. His meals are so arranged as to symbolize sacrificial feasts. When he partakes of vegetables he is invited to reflect on the work of the Chinese Adam; and when he tastes the six kinds of grain his thoughts are carried back to the first turner of the sod. Soft music is played to encourage his appetite, and the dishes are removed from table to the tune of fifes and drums. The maxim of that "the king can do no wrong," takes rather the form in China of "whatever the king does is holy, righteous, and pure," and hence many of the imperial doings, which would be frowned at in Europe, receive in China the sacred sanction of religion. To this circumstance we owe it that in the "Rituals" we find so many details of the private life of the Emperor and of the ladies of the palace. We learn that in every fifteen days the Emperor receives visits from representatives of each rank of wife and concubine. On each of the first nine days of the month one of the nine concubines selected from the eighty-one pay their respects to him; on the next three succeeding days three of the wives of the third rank have that honor; then follows one of the second rank; then one of each of the two superior grades; and at every full moon the Empress, and she alone, is his companion. During the last half of the month the order of visits is reversed, and in this way, in the course of about four months, the Emperor enjoys the society of every lady of his harem.

If we wander from the ladies' apartments into the other quarters of the palace we find them swarming with those officials whose various callings and immense numbers go far to make up the barbaric splendor of Eastern courts—marshals, chamberlains, and lords-in-waiting are there in shoals, but we do not concern ourselves with those great gentlemen. Our object is to gain some insight into the every-day life in store for his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi, and the more domestic functionaries with whom he will be surrounded. We therefore give a wide berth to all wearers of high official buttons, and enter into conversation with the first good-natured looking *maître d'hôtel* that we meet. He takes us into the buttery, and we are just in time to see his brethren on duty—our guide tells us that there are altogether 152 of them—prepare the materials for the Emperor's dinner. Some are giving out the six kinds of grain which are to form the vegetable part of the repast; others are making hashes of the various sacrificial meats; the cellermen are pouring out the allotted quantity of half a dozen different kinds of wine; skillful hands are slicing the meats for the savory dishes, and are weighing out the hundred and twenty kinds of spices which are to season them; while others are preparing delicate morsels, such as the choice parts of a sucking-pig, or the fat of kidneys, to serve as a *bonne bouche* at the last. When all the covers have been duly laid out and prepared, they are carried into the kitchen, where 128 cooks stand ready to receive them.

On fast-days—that is to say, when any great misfortune overtakes the country—the Emperor goes without this grand repast; and if he and his Court were to take a little more exercise, and to fast a little oftener than they do, it is possible that a reduction might be made in the staff of fifty-two doctors who at present reside within the palace walls. But, unfortunately, the idea of bodily exertion is abhorrent to the mind of every true Chinaman; the three score and two imperial huntsmen must often have cause to complain that

"Their hawks are tired of perch and hood,
Their weary greyhounds loth their food,"

—unless, indeed, they cater for the market on their own account, a supposition to which the occasional activity observable in the neighborhood of the royal preserves lends some color—for hunting, which, before the Tartar habits of the founders of the dynasty had been subdued by contact with Chinese luxury, was the constant amusement of the Emperors and their Courts, has now, under the degenerate rule of their descendants, dwindled down to a very occasional battue, conducted in the most contemptible, luxurious, and unsportsmanlike manner. But, though the huntsmen of modern times have little to do, there can be little doubt that the hands of the other caterers—100 wine-makers, 90 turtle-catchers, 93 ice-men, 89 fishermen, 11 jewelers, and others—are seldom idle. It is also worthy of remark that, amid the vast population within the palace walls, we find no reference to a single priest of any sect, the Emperor himself excepted, and four praying women are deemed sufficient to gain forgiveness for the sins of the Court, and the favor of heaven for their Imperial Majesties and the Empire.

Inquisitive people sometimes meet with little adventures which make them wink. A fellow who was "paying attention" to a country girl, stole up to the kitchen where she was at work the other morning, thinking to see what kind of a housekeeper she was. He got interested as he stood behind a door all unobserved, watching the fair one at her toil, and in the ardor of his observations he intruded his nose into the crack of the door. She innocently shut that door suddenly. He now wears it in a sling.

MRS. HAUGHTON'S GIRL.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Haughton, as she bent over a great kettle of simmering quinces. "I don't know what we are to do. I can't get such a girl as I want for any wages, and there is just everything to be done."

"Just like papa!" said Fannie, working away at a mass of paste that was to appear later in the shape of pies. "I don't suppose he even remembered we had no girl when he invited Mr. Austin and his cousin."

"If it were only gentlemen I shouldn't care, but there is a Mrs. Austin."

"Mamma!"

"Fact my dear. Of course your papa forgot to mention that till just as he was starting for the city this morning, and they will all come with him this evening. I have sent Daisy to put the spare room in order, but you know how it will look."

"She'll make up the bed on the floor and put the toilet service on a chair," laughed Fannie. "I'll try to get a peep. Mamma, here comes Bessie Turner."

"She'll have to come in here."

The visitor, advancing up the garden walk, did not wait for an invitation to the kitchen, but came directly to the half-open door. She was a small, pretty girl of about twenty-two, with a marked air of refinement in her sweet face and the graceful carriage of her slight figure.

Two years before, she had driven to call upon Mrs. Haughton in her own carriage, but her father's sudden death had revealed the fact that he was deeply in debt, and had left no fortune for his only child. Since that time Bessie had been teaching in the Seminary at B—, but on the day when Fannie Haughton saw her from the kitchen window, it was certainly school hours. Her knock was answered by a cheerful "Come in, Bessie," and she obeyed the summons.

"Mrs. Haughton," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I heard you wanted a girl."

"I do, indeed. Do you know of a good one?"

"Will you take me?"

"Bessie!" cried both ladies.

"I must do something for a living, and Dr. Wills says I must neither sew nor teach next winter, if I want to live. He assures me my only chance of recovering from the trouble in my lungs that I have had so long, is to give up teaching, and he positively forbids me to touch a needle."

"But, Bessie, you—a lady—" gasped Fannie. "Are you any less a lady for making pies, this morning, Fan—Miss Haughton, I mean? I suppose you would hardly care to have your servant girl call you Fannie."

"Don't be absurd, Bessie. The idea of your father's daughter being a servant girl!" said Mrs. Haughton.

But Bessie was in earnest, and her tone was very positive as she answered:

"I must earn my living, Mrs. Haughton, and cannot teach for a time. You must be aware that my salary has not been sufficient for me to save enough to live on all winter. If you will not have me, I must go among strangers."

"I should be glad enough to have you, if you really mean it."

"I really mean it. You can pay me just what you paid Sarah. I'm sorry," she said gayly, "I have no recommendations from my last place."

"But we are expecting company to-night," said Fannie.

"I'll allow you to have company sometimes," was the gracious reply. "Now, Miss Haughton, I'll finish the pies; and Bessie took a large apron from her pocket, tied it over her black dress, removed her cuffs, rolled up her sleeves, and took possession of the pie board.

"What Daisy is doing, Fannie," said her mother; and Fannie went off.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Haughton, taking Bessie's face in her motherly hands, kissed it softly.

"Darling," she said, "this must not be. I love you, Bessie, as one of my own girls, and you must come and let us nurse you well again. You shall be my guest this winter."

"You are very kind," the young girl replied, "but you must let me have my own way. I do not need nursing, only rest from the constant talking to pupils, and active exercise. I told Dr. Wills what I meant to do, and he said it was the best medicine in the world for me."

Quite a long talk followed, but Mrs. Haughton was obliged to yield her point. Bessie was resolved to be independent, and saw no disgrace in honestly getting her living in her friend's kitchen. That she had been a good housekeeper in her father's life-time all B— knew well, and finally her new mistress was persuaded to give the order for her company dinner, and leave the kitchen to its new occupant.

But when the girl was really alone, she certainly acted very strangely, considering her late resolutions. Just as Mrs. Haughton left her, she had said:

"We expect Mr. and Mrs. Austin, and their cousin, a Mr. Alexander Wight, lately returned from California."

Then she left the kitchen, and Bessie dashed into the buttry, and sat down behind the door.

"Oh, why didn't I wait?" she said in a half whisper. "Alick Wight at home! Coming here! What will he think, to see me a servant girl? It was bad enough to be teaching for a

living, but cooking for a living! Oh, why didn't I wait? Wait for what? I am only earning my bread. Alick Wight is nothing to me," she said again, in stern self-reproach; "probably he has forgotten my existence."

But even as she spoke there arose in her memory a picture she would never forget. In a conservatory where tinkling fountains cooled the air for choice exotics, a lady stood beside a tall, fine looking man, who held her little gloved hand fast in his own. Both were in rich evening dress, and the house was full of gay guests, Mr. Turner having accepted an invitation to a friend's party in one of Fifth Avenue's palaces. It was the second winter he had spent in New York with Bessie, the last winter of his life. But the couple in the conservatory were not thinking of death or change, when the gentleman spoke, in low, earnest tones:

"I will not bind you by any promise, Bessie, for you will be an heiress, while I have still my way to make. I sail for San Francisco very soon, and expect to go into business with my uncle there, but in a few years I shall return. I shall hope you will not forget me."

Two weeks later he was gone, and Bessie an orphan. Years of struggle for her had been years of success to him, for his uncle was dead, and had left him a large property and prosperous business. The pride inborn in Bessie's nature had kept her from telling her sad story to one who was not formally engaged to her, and she had learned to think of Alick as merely a good friend. But to meet him as she must meet him in a few brief hours, was a sore strain upon her pride and love.

"But this won't get my dinner," she said suddenly, as the little clock on the kitchen mantel warned her that time was flying. "If I must be a servant, at least I will be a good one."

The afternoon train brought the expected guests, and Bessie, peeping from her kitchen curtain, saw the pretty little lady who had been her hostess on the evening already mentioned, her gray-haired husband, and a tall, broad-shouldered, heavily bearded young man, who was introduced to his hostess and her pretty daughter as, "My cousin, Mr. Wight."

It was not the easiest work in the world, after this, to wait at table, and Mrs. Haughton started at the demure little waitress whose perfectly cooked viands, she was dispensing. But nobody noticed her, and dinner passed off very quietly, the new arrivals being full of city gossip for their country friends.

As the "girl" stood over her dish-pan, in which two scalding tears had fallen, she thought: "He did not even recognize me."

Oh, Bessie! Bessie! Have you forgotten the bright girl with the golden curls, and dress of richest blue silk and white lace, who stood in Mrs. Austin's conservatory, that you blame Alick Wight for not seeing her in the pale girl in deep mourning, with smooth bands of hair, who waited at Mrs. Haughton's table? In the drawing-room there was music and laughter, in the kitchen tears and sighs, when Mrs. Haughton came out to Bessie.

"Bessie, dear," she said, "leave the dishes and come into the parlor. Do."

"I am too tired and hot," pleaded Bessie.

"It will rest you."

"But it is better not. I can't be servant and lady too, Mrs. Haughton. Don't think I am ungrateful, but it is better for me to keep in my place."

"I think so, too," said the lady, "but I do not think we quite agree as to which is your place. However, you shall have your own way to-night. Your dinner was very splendid."

And the lady returned to her guests, while Bessie washed and wiped plates, cups and dishes, and put all in order. When the last dish was in its place, the last crumb swept up, the young girl threw off her apron, and went into the garden to try to throw off the feverish heat burning in her veins.

"I wonder if I am strong enough to go through with it?" she thought, as she seated herself in the summer-house, and it was not altogether of physical strength she was so doubtful.

"He never looked at me to-night," she said to herself; "but he must see my face sometime, if he is to stay a week."

Just at that moment the odor of a cigar came floating in at the summer-house door, and before Bessie could escape, a masculine cigar holder followed the "Havana." She had started to her feet, and the moonlight shone full upon her face, as Alick Wight sprang forward, crying:

"Bessie Turner where have you come from?"

But the girl drew back from the rapturous greeting, saying in a cold, low voice:

"I am Mrs. Haughton's servant girl, Mr. Wight."

"Her—her—her" stammered the young man.

"Her servant girl, working in her kitchen. My father is dead, and my own health prevents my teaching, so I am earning my living in Mrs. Haughton's kitchen."

She was so hard and cold that he looked at her in amazement; but after a moment he saw her face quivering in the moonlight, and he forgot everything save that the woman he loved above all other women, was poor, in sorrow and trouble.

"Bessie," he said, and his voice was full of deep feeling, "was it kind to keep all this from me, knowing I loved you? Is it kind to thrust me away now, when I have come all the way from California to find you? Have you ceased to love me, Bessie? Will you send me back alone, or," and he opened his arms, "will you

be my true little wife, as you gave me reason to hope long ago."

"But, Alick," she said, "I am poor, sick—" "Hush, darling! You are mine; and I am not poor. You shall grow well again, my darling, when you have love and rest. Do not drive me away, Bessie?"

And nestling down in his strong arms, Bessie gave him the promise he craved.

The sound of gay voices coming from the house aroused them, and Mrs. Austin called:

"Only one cigar, Alick!"

"Go," Bessie whispered. But he gently answered, "Come," and drew her hand upon his arm.

The whole party were near the summer-house, when a couple came out into the moonlight, and Mrs. Austin recognized her former guest.

"Why, Miss Turner?" she cried, amazed. "I wrote you a month ago to come and pay me a visit, and you never replied."

"Bless me," whispered Mr. Austin, "I forgot to post the letter."

"Alick will forgive me now for disappointing him," continued his cousin. "I had promised you should be at my house to welcome him. But it is all right now, I suppose, Alick?"

"All right," was the emphatic reply. And so Mrs. Haughton lost her girl the same day she engaged her.

BUDDHIST PREACHING IN SIAM.

At about seven o'clock one Saturday evening, we reached the Palace of Foreign Affairs, and, passing through two granite paved courts, entered the reception-hall, a large and lofty room, with a floor of several steps or stages. The lowest stage was occupied by a crowd of slaves and servants; on the stage above lay a dozen or more petty officers; the stage above this was clear, as if to keep the vulgar from too close contact with the great man, our host, who sat on the highest stage. We were conducted to him, and silently took our places beside him on the carpet. This upper end of the room was about seventy feet broad by twenty-five long. Its walls were decorated with numerous large mirrors, and rich cloth and silk hangings. Some of these hangings were covered with Chinese proverbs and poems, embroidered in golden characters, and on others were elaborately worked figures of most gorgeous Chinamen, surrounded by deer and snakes, and fishes, of anatomical proportions which might perhaps be explained by the aforesaid Baramat, but which certainly seemed to lack that balance or perfection of proportion which Chinese philosophers declare to be the essence of all things. Along the two sides and end of the room were lines of tables, each decked with a choice collection of Chinese brassware, bronze, and porcelain, and bearing wax candles, set on curious stands, which, with the assistance of numerous oil-lamps, hanging from the ceiling, and reflected in the mirrors, shed a pleasant light throughout the building. There was no pulpit, the preacher occupying a gilt chair, placed in the centre of the upper stage. The minister and ourselves sat on the floor on his right, and on his left was a table or altar supporting a gold image of Buddha, from which image a silken cord passed to his side. A number of yellow-robed monks sat between him and the altar. Sitting cross-legged on the chair, his shaven head and eyebrows giving him an exceedingly clean appearance, and his robes arranged with that decent neatness which the rules of the priesthood require, an abbot, eminent for knowledge and piety, was, when we entered, giving the audience an opportunity of making merit. Despite his age, he had the unwrinkled, or scarcely wrinkled, face which Buddhists admire as a proof of the spiritual tranquility of a life of worldly abnegation. In one hand he held a kind of fan, or screen, designed to assist the monk in keeping his eyes from wandering, and his thoughts from straying to things carnal; in the other he held a book, made of slips of palm leaf, on which, with an iron style, had been scratched, or written, the Pali text which formed the subject of his discourse. Sentence by sentence he read from his book, following each passage by an explanation in Siamese; but his extreme age caused him to mumble so, that my ears caught little of what he said, and that little I found almost past understanding. His subject was the most vital, and probably the most ancient of all Buddhist dogmas, that called the Four Preeminent Truths, the assertion that (1) misery ever attends existence; (2) that its cause lies in desire; (3) that it may be destroyed by extinguishing desire; and (4), that this may be effected by holiness. A finer subject he could hardly have chosen; a duller sermon he could not have given. When he had finished the four sections of his discourse, he left the chair and took his seat on a mat. The minister then crawled to him, adored him by bowing his head to the ground and lifting his joined hands, and presented him with a variety of offerings, a parcel of robes, a japan box, scents, fruits, and a wax candle, stuck all over with the little silvery bullets which, until quite recently, were the only coinage of Siam. Taking hold of the cord, which I mentioned above as passing from the idol, the abbot uttered his blessing, and then departed, followed by a train of servants carrying the offerings of the pious minister.—*Good Words.*

An Illinois paper consoles sportsmen for the light crop of prairie-chickens this year by remarking that it will make hunting better, for it will take longer to find them.

LOVE LETTERS.

These words recall blue ribbon, locks of hair, miniatures and dead roses, and they are as various as the hands that write them, and the eyes they are intended to bless. Sometimes they carry balm; sometimes bear disguised poison. They may be traced in honest truth and fealty by a rough red hand, that has no grace to lend the misshapen letters, save the beauty of true love in rough disguise; and then a soft white bit of symmetry may hide a lie in growing tenderness, and send it like an asp to hide in a rose's heart, to carry death to some believing breast. Some, yellowed by years, and rendered absurd by altered circumstances, or brought out of forgotten nooks to fill the evening hour with laughter at their polysyllabic vows and verbose adjectives; and others never see the light, except in tearful eyes, or feel a touch, except a passionate pressure to a faded breast that claims no other idol.

Love letters! There are women whom the world calls single, who are truly wedded to a tear-stained package as if it really were; the being that it represents to them—who live in the old sweet time these missives once belonged to, and who keep their hearts apart from the dull reality that makes up their present world. Years may have passed, and nothing may have remained the same, save the dear dream that never knew reality; yet held in their love-life by their fragile paper bond, they dwell in that fair unsubstantial Spring-time, while Autumn fades and Winter cold and heavy reigns abroad in all the world.

We pity dreamers and their moonshine pictures, their bits of memories and mementos, their love-words, written or recalled as spoken, and faces whose limning fades as the real one has faded long ago under the coffin lid. And yet such trifles are heart treasures, as sure as gold and silver are riches to the purse; and as long as there is a world of the present nature, so long shall old love letters find hoarders and prizers, and so long shall the past and present be bridged by the heart-dreams of the words felt and written in the bygone times.

MALLEABLE GLASS.

One of the lost arts, which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to re-discover, is the production of malleable glass. It was mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its being indented when thrown on a hard substance, and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages, but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, it would enter into uses not even suspected now, and probably dispute with iron itself for supremacy as an agent of civilization. A glass spinner in Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the last link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fibre of the silk worm, which is entering largely into the manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, carpets, table cloths, shawls, neckties, figures in brocade, velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, laces, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread, and is not changed by heat, light, moisture or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in various places in Bohemia, and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale, and will, no doubt, soon reach America. If it shall end in the final re-discovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, no one could safely predict to what use it might not be applied, as the material is plentiful in all lands. Mankind have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them.—*London Times.*

A very distinguished musician, Giovanni Tadolini, has just died at Bologna, aged seventy-nine. Tadolini has left no works of any importance; but his talent was so fully recognized by Rossini that when the great Italian composer was unable from illness to complete the "Stabat Mater," promised for a particular occasion, it was to Tadolini that he applied for no fewer than four pieces still wanting. Afterwards when, in the year 1842, the "Stabat Mater" was brought out in Paris, Tadolini's contributions to the work seem to have been omitted. It would, at least, be difficult now to point out any portion of the "Stabat" which does not bear the impress of Rossini's own genius. Tadolini's pieces are said to have been performed only once at Madrid; and whether they were composed on motives furnished by Rossini (in which case, retouched by the master, they may still be retained in the existing score) or were wholly the invention of Tadolini, it is certain that their composer never had the satisfaction of hearing them as they proceeded from his pen. The chief sphere of Tadolini's activity was the Italian Opera of Paris, where he officiated as conductor during Rossini's brief period of management, and for many years afterwards as singing-master or *répétiteur*. Among the many distinguished artists to whom he taught their parts in every new work that was brought out may be mentioned Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

NATURE'S POEM.

A wonderful, marvellous poem,
Of birds and the murmuring brook,
The finger of Nature, to-day,
Has penned in her beautiful book.
The breezes swept down from the mountain
And rustled its leaves into song,
And each hour was a verse, so the poem
As the glorious day was as long.

Oh! rare are the thought's scintillations
The exquisite book doth unfold,
Which is clasped with the sunshine of Heaven,
And bound in the sky's blue and gold!
The cover is daintily covered
With stars, which the night-time has brought
From the courts of the worshipping angels,
To embellish this volume of thought.

In rapture I read from its pages,
Far out in the depths of the night,
And think of the poem unwritten,
Which the pen of the morrow shall write.
Then to sleep, and in blissful awaking
To meet the glad kiss of the sun,
And read from the beautiful pages
The song which the day has begun.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Lady Ida's toilette was always a *recherche* one, but this night her maid found her even more difficult to please than usual. Twice her beautiful hair was taken down, and arranged after some newer fashion, and never had she been more careful in her choice of the natural flowers that looped the gauzy skirts of her dress. Darcy gazed at her admiringly as she swept into the room, and after lingering for a moment, where the pier-glass reflected her figure from head to foot, came to his side, with her bright eyes challenging him to find a fault in her *tout ensemble*.

"What makes you look so grave, monsieur?" she gaily whispered, as he led her to the carriage. "Has foreign travel made you critical? And are you mentally condemning something in my attire which offends your fastidious tastes?"

"You are, and always have been, peerless in my sight, Ida. Be but as gentle and generous as you are lovely, and who could ask more?" Ida frowned slightly. "I have never aimed at perfection, *mon cousin*. I don't know whether I am not too fond of my faults to care to mend them."

Darcy did not make the flattering reply she anticipated. Closer companionship had not endeared them to each other. Beneath the outer fascinations of Ida's liquid voice and winning manner, there was something hard and antagonistic, which often jarred with his best impulses. On two or three occasions, when he had been on the point of asking her to fulfil her father's wishes, and become his, some scarcely definable feeling had arrested the words on his lips. He watched her now with an almost painful scrutiny, looking and longing for some sign of that womanly softness, that clinging tenderness, which was all that her exquisite beauty needed to make him eager to win her.

The young Marquis of Lechlade met them on the stairs at the Duchess's, and, to Darcy's mortification, Ida moved away with her titled admirer, while he was seeking a comfortable seat for Lady Glenaughton. To add to his annoyance, the Countess was evidently well pleased to thwart his haste to join her daughter, for, on one pretext and another, she detained him, till a hush fell upon the throng surging around them, and it was whispered that Lestelle, the queen of song, the star of the evening, was about to sing. Then Darcy contrived to effect his escape, and, the next minute, found himself close to the piano, by which the singers were grouped.

A little apart from the rest stood Lestelle, her rather peculiar style of beauty heightened by the deep crimson of the half-blown roses that nestled in her wavy dark hair, and formed the only ornaments of the black lace dress she wore. Her companions had fallen back just before Darcy drew near; the accompanist had played the opening bar of her song, and her audience were in rapt expectation of the burst of melody which should have followed. But Lestelle, after a few uncertain notes, paused, and commenced again; but only for the music to die away on her pale lips as completely as before.

"She is ill!" some one exclaimed; and two or three gentlemen sprang forward to support her to a chair, while others went in search of water, wine, and smelling-salts. Only Darcy—the grieving, keener-sighted Darcy—saw the actual cause of her indisposition. Lady Ida had stepped a little in advance of her friends—not enough to draw attention upon her movements, yet sufficiently to catch the eye of the singer, on whom she bent a look of such deep, haughty scorn that the impressionable Lestelle quivered beneath it. Twice her dark orbs shot a swift glance at the implacable lady, as if to entreat her compassion; but in vain. Ida was merciless, and pursued the victory she saw that she was gaining over a woman she detested,

without a pang of pity for the misery she was inflicting. To Darcy, however, there was something so degrading in such a triumph, that he hastily stepped forward, and placing himself so as to shield Lestelle from that pitiless stare, replaced in her cold, trembling fingers the music she had dropped.

As their hands met, the blood rushed back into the cheeks of the young actress, and, with an effort, she recovered her composure. Gracefully thanking those who had hastened to her assistance, she made a signal to the player, who once more struck the opening chords of the song she had selected. And now Lestelle's clear, sweet notes rang through the crowded salon, and every one was constrained to listen; for there was a joyous ring—an abandon in the strains she trilled out, that entranced her hearers. That Lestelle was excelling herself! that she was unrivalled! was declared on every side. No one but Darcy knew and felt that she was singing as she had sung that morning when the efforts were made for him alone; and he only, of all the delighted audience, comprehended the mute appeal that lurked in her glance whenever he seemed about to move away. It said, "Stay near me yet a little while longer. Your sympathy consoled me; it restored my courage; but I shall lose it again if you depart!" And he stayed.

At intervals she sang again, and always with the same success. Complimented and caressed by the guests of the Duchess, her face, which had grown thinner and sadder since Darcy last beheld her, sometimes lighted up into that vivid beauty of expression which constituted one of her greatest charms. Still, the smiles that visited her lips were evanescent ones; for Darcy, though he continued to hover near, never attempted to address her.

His own emotions at the sight of her distress had alarmed him. Almost the husband of another, was it right that his pulses should thrill and leap with pleasure whenever the voice of Lestelle reached his ears? Neither could he conceal from himself that his yearning to boldly place himself at her side as her protector, when he saw her tortured by Ida's malevolence, had been repressed with a difficulty that increased his uneasiness.

When the concert was over, he went in search of Lady Glenaughton, and found her very much fatigued, and full of querulous complaints of Ida's neglect in leaving her so long.

"I will bring my cousin to you, and then go and find the carriage," he said, making his escape from her fretful speeches to execute his errand.

He found Lady Ida talking animatedly to the Marquis, who was leaning against the pedestal of a statue which his careless movements dislodged just as Darcy drew near. The Marquis and the pedestal rolled on the floor together, without receiving much damage; but the statue toppled forward, and struck the lady Ida, before her cousin could spring to her assistance. Darcy, however, was not the only one who had perceived her danger. Lestelle had seen it—darted forward—and clasping her arms around the confused girl, had endeavored to drag her away; but, falling in this, had fallen with her, receiving severe contusions on the head and shoulder from the heavy piece of sculpture.

Lady Ida, who was only stunned by the fall, was soon able to open her eyes, and reply to the questions poured upon her. "I am not hurt," she said; "only a little frightened and shaken. I saw the statue coming down upon me, but had not the power to move away. Some one, however, tried to save me; who was it? Pray tell me?"

"Madame Lestelle," said one of the ladies who had gathered around. "And she has not escaped as well as you, for her head is cut, and she is still faint and dizzy."

Ida's lips suddenly compressed, and a cold "Indeed!" was the sole reply she vouchsafed as she linked her arm in Darcy's.

"Take me to mamma, please, dear coz, or she will hear what has occurred, and be alarmed about me."

He complied, and, with more than customary assiduity, cloaked and shawled Lady Glenaughton and her daughter, and put them into their carriage. But he drew back when Ida made room for him beside her.

"Thanks, but I must return and perform the duty you seem to have forgotten—express a grateful sense to Madame Lestelle of her generosity in endeavoring to save you."

Ida leaned forward and answered in accents of suppressed passion, "I had rather die than owe my life to her! Has she not robbed us of Percy?"

"I cannot say; but this I do know, that you carry your resentment too far when you permit it to render you unwomanly."

These were the harshest words that had ever been uttered to the petted, spoiled child of the Earl of Glenaughton. For a moment her eyes flashed angrily, and she was ready to heap taunting reproaches on the head of the speaker; but his fearless mien, and the manly regret with which he was gazing at her, subdued her against her will.

"Go, then, Darcy," she said, in choked accents. "Blame me if you choose. I cannot help it. She might have spared me your love. She is insatiate in her cruelty; and—and we were so happy till she crossed our path!"

Lady Glenaughton, impatient at being kept in the night air by this whispered conference, now gave her coachman the signal to drive on; and Darcy's last glimpse of Ida showed him that her beautiful face was buried in her handkerchief.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETROTHED.

Lestelle, accompanied by Mr. Paulton and Miss Hill, was descending the stairs when he re-entered the house. Her opera cloak hung over the manager's arm, and he was proceeding to envelope her in its folds when Darcy, with a courteous "Permit me," would have taken the duty upon himself. But Mr. Paulton, with one of his ugly smiles, moved back a step or two, drawing Lestelle with him.

"Mr. Lesmere is very kind, but my ward and pupil objects to the attentions of young men—especially men whose rank renders such attentions akin to insults."

Miss Hill looked fluttered, and the actress blushed with mingled anger and mortification; but Darcy quietly replied that he was sure Madame Lestelle would acquit him of any impertinence.

"Are you sure you are quite recovered?" he added, bending down, and offering her his arm.

Again Mr. Paulton answered for her.

"My pupil is too much indisposed to be capable of listening to any more unnecessary speeches to-night. Will Mr. Lesmere kindly stand aside, and let me put her into the carriage we have in waiting?"

Darcy's brows began to lower ominously. "Miss Hill requires your services, sir. I will myself act as Madame Lestelle's escort, if she does not refuse me permission. Are you sure you are not suffering still?" he asked, as he turned his back upon the too officious manager, and led her towards the door.

"Not now," she answered, gratefully. "The cool breeze that blows towards us has revived me already. How I wish it were possible to walk home, instead of being jolted over the stones in a close little brougham."

Actuated by two motives—a desire to thwart the interfering Paulton, and a still greater one to enjoy Lestelle's society for, it might be, the last time, Darcy recklessly replied, "Nothing can be more easy. The streets are quiet, the air mild and dry, and the distance inconsiderable. Tie that scarf over your head, and let us make the venture."

Lestelle did not reply, but her slight hold upon his arm increased. She had known so few pleasures in her chequered life, that she could not deny herself this one, and she made no resistance when Darcy hurried her forward. Mr. Paulton, dragging the half-frightened Lettice with him, followed as quickly as he could.

"Lestelle!—Eddie!" he hissed in her ear; "are you mad, that you defy my wishes in this manner? The carriage is here. Come! I insist upon it!"

"Mr. Paulton, you grow troublesome," said Darcy, putting him aside authoritatively. "Do you not hear, Madame Lestelle will walk home with me?"

"This man assumes an extraordinary degree of interference with your actions," he added, as he led his silent but rejoicing companion away. "Is it with your permission?"

"No, no!" she answered, energetically. "I owe him much for rescuing me from the misery and ignorance in which my childhood was spent; but my gratitude ceased when I discovered the motives that had governed his actions."

"Ah! I have learned since we last met that I ought to have recognised an early acquaintance in you," Darcy observed.

Lestelle sighed. "How was it possible that you should remember me? You, however, are almost unchanged; at least, you still testify the same benevolent readiness to befriend those who are sad or sorry."

"I do not like to hear you say that you are either the one or the other. But you are in pain, I fear," Darcy went on, for he felt that he was on dangerous ground when he began to evince so much solicitude for her happiness. "Let me thank you, in Lady Ida's name and my own, for your prompt attempt to save her from injury."

"That you are here is a proof that I was successful," Lestelle observed, in tremulous tones.

"Yes; the fall and the shock were the only hurts my cousin received."

"I am glad of it," was the comment on this, spoken more to herself than to Darcy. "Very glad to know that I have been of use to Lord Glenaughton's favorite child. Perhaps she may remember this some day, and think of me more kindly."

Darcy was touched by the plaintive tones in which these words were murmured.

"I am sure she will," he began. Then, recollecting Mrs. Lavington's tale of the persecution at the boarding-school, and the looks Ida had levelled at the actress that same night, he sighed impatiently. Why were the sex so terribly hard upon one another?

"The newspapers told me some time since what you, by coupling your name with her ladyship's have confirmed," said Lestelle, presently, speaking very quickly, and keeping her face studiously averted. "Will you forgive me for alluding to your approaching marriage?"

"Certainly; the affair was common property almost before I knew it myself."

"Then it is not true; that is—"

"Nay, it is quite true," Darcy interposed, in the firmest tones he could command. "I had asked my cousin's hand before I went abroad, and her father is willing to give her to me."

Lestelle stopped, and her hand fell nervelessly

from his arm. Her bosom was heaving, her teeth set in her full lips, and her eyes were raised to heaven, as if questioning its decrees. "What have I done, that all this happiness is hers, while I am despised and forgotten? Her father loves her, guards her as his dearest treasure, and secures her future by giving it into the hands of one who is worthy the trust; whilst I—Oh, mother, mother, if I could but have died with you!"

She was now sobbing so piteously, that Darcy found it difficult to restrain himself from taking her into his arms, and comforting her.

"Our lives are not always as free from care as they seem. Dear Lestelle, your prospects are such bright ones that I wonder to see you so cast down. You are tired, and still feeling the effects of your accident, or you would not talk so despondently."

Lestelle permitted him to replace her hand on his arm.

"You are right, Mr. Lesmere; and—and I will not say such foolish things again. Yes; my prospects are excellent, as you were just observing. With care and diligence, I may reach the top of my profession, and even qualify myself to pass my old age at Maybury. What right has Mrs. Price's white slave—the drudge, Essie—to hope for more?"

"These bitter words are unworthy of you, Lestelle," Darcy replied, gently. "We cannot make our fortunes what we would; but we can dignify them by the way we receive the good and ill that are sent to us."

"We cannot make our fortunes what we would!" Lestelle repeated, with flashing eyes. "Are you sure of this? Is not the tempter always at my elbow, in the shape of Wyett Paulton, hinting to me the power I possess? Am I more than woman, do you think, to be goaded and condemned, and make no sign in return? Why should I bear what I did to-night; and let my patience, my endeavors to be forbearing, be set down as the cowardice of one who dare not retaliate? Dare not, did I say?" And carried away by her resentment, she pressed her foot firmly on the pavement, and flung back her head. "I dare do anything but make those who should love me unhappy!"

"I am afraid to ask the meaning of your words," said Darcy, agitatedly; for that Lestelle firmly believed herself the daughter of his uncle he could no longer doubt. "I fear they bode evil to all of us, but more especially to yourself."

"Why do you say this?" she demanded.

"Because Lord Glenaughton has given me a clue to much that was mysterious in your conduct. Dear Lestelle, take care that you are not drawn by these people—Paulton and Miss Hill—into a scheme which can only end in vexatious disappointment."

"To whom—to me? Thanks for the caution; but I have already refused, absolutely refused, to take any share in Mr. Paulton's plots. Therefore dismiss that thought from your mind. Lord Glenaughton gave you the key to my conduct, do you say? In what way? Why did he not come to me as I invited him to do? Nay, do not hesitate; but frankly tell me what you mean."

"That is quickly done. I only wished to let you know that the claim you have been taught to consider that you have upon Lord Glenaughton is baseless. His own lips assured me of this. So much I believe I may say to you without a breach of confidence."

"Perhaps you were asked to give me this assurance?" said Lestelle, questioningly.

"On my honour, no."

"Thank you. I should have liked to hear the precise words the Earl used—but what matter? I have advanced no claim upon him; I wish for no favor from any of his family, nor ever shall, unless I venture to ask one from you, Mr. Lesmere."

"I think I may safely say that the boon is granted, before I know what it is. Speak, Lestelle, speak! Let me do something to win a smile from you before we part."

He had eagerly drawn her towards him, but as she slowly raised her eloquent face to his a new thought made him release her.

"You are about to ask me to win my uncle's consent to your marriage with Percy. I cannot do it," he jealously exclaimed. "Call me selfish if you will; I deserve it for lingering beside you, knowing, as I do, that I am bound to fulfil my uncle's wishes. I am striving to act honorably towards you, Ida, and her parents; yet in mercy do not bid me help you to give yourself to another."

"But you love your cousin—this beautiful Ida?" faltered Lestelle.

"I thought I did, till—"

He stopped short, and led her on so rapidly that she was breathless when they reached her own door. Mr. Paulton's brougham was being driven slowly up and down the street, and its owner's portly form might be seen passing and repassing the lighted windows of Lestelle's drawing-room, as, in furious anger at her tardy return, he strode to and fro.

"Good night. Forgive me for having detained you so long. It will never occur again," said Darcy, as he released her.

Lestelle laid her hand lightly on his sleeve. "Yet hear what it was I meant to entreat from you. I only thought to say, think of me sometimes; but now, for Ida's sake, for yours, I will be brave, even though it breaks my heart, and say, 'Forget me!'"

Darcy extended his arms, as if he meditated folding her in them, but he checked the impulse, and contented himself with pressing one long, lingering kiss upon her hand; then, drawing his hat over his eyes, he dashed away at a

pace that soon left the quiet suburb far behind. Through the sleepless night he wrestled with his inclinations, and subdued them. As early the next morning as there was a chance of finding Lady Ida at home to visitors, he presented himself at the Earl's, and after a short interview with his uncle in the study, they entered the morning-room, arm-in-arm.

Lady Ida was in close conference with Mrs. Lavington over a box of new trimmings, but a whisper from his lordship made the pretty widow reluctantly withdraw, and the Earl took her vacated seat.

Ida glanced at her cousin, who had paused beside a distant table, where he stood restlessly turning over the leaves of a book, and she saw that his face was haggard, as with some great trouble. Her own was as calm as usual. The tears of the previous night had been few, and soon wiped away.

"Darcy looks as if he had slept ill, or been a naughty boy, and supped noisily with other dissipated youths after he left us last evening," she observed, so playfully that he marvelled at her readiness to ignore what had passed between them.

"I believe that you can soon remove Darcy's uneasiness, my dear," her father replied. "For some years past it has been the dearest wish of his heart to make you his, and though I have no desire to bias your choice, I may say that your union would give me great, very great satisfaction."

Ida let the fringes fall from her hands, and modestly drooped her head while her father was speaking.

"My dear child," he added, "Darcy seems to be doubtful of obtaining a favorable answer to his suit. Shall I leave him to press it himself?"

The young lady's silence gave consent; but still the Earl lingered, till his glance at Darcy induced the latter to advance and touch his cousin's taper fingers. They were not withdrawn, and Lord Glenaughton, an air of profound relief chasing for awhile the wrinkles from his brow, quitted the room.

"For a few moments last night, Ida," the young man said, in the slow, husky tones of one who makes a painful confession,—"for a few minutes I suffered myself to forget how long I had given you reasons to suppose that you possessed my affections. If you can forgive this—if you can believe my assurance that I will do my utmost to secure your happiness—"

His voice grew so husky with emotion that he paused.

"I think we were both a little out of humor last night," Ida replied, smiling graciously; "but I have no doubt that we shall be very happy. You must not be offended if mamma is rather disagreeable to you just at first. Mothers will be ambitious for their daughters; and Lord Lechlade has always been such a favorite of hers!"

"If you feel any doubt as to what your decision ought to be, pray consult Lady Glenaughton," cried Darcy, snatching at the chance of a reprieve.

"My dear coz, if you were not above such a paltry vanity, I should be inclined to say that you made that speech on purpose to be told that such an empty-headed fop as the poor little Marquis is forgotten in your presence. You may leave mamma to me. I shall be able to manage her."

Darcy said no more. The night's struggle between his inclinations and his honor had brought him to Glenaughton House to make the *amende honorable* to the beautiful Ida for permitting his thoughts to stray from her. This done he felt too dull and disappointed to exert his conversational powers. His cousin would make him an excellent wife, presiding at his table with inimitable grace; as to that closer communion of souls he had been wont to dream of, it was a myth—a romance that he must be content to seal up in his innermost heart as one that could never be developed into a sweet reality.

"I am only sorry," said Ida, presently, "that I cannot give you with my hand the reversion of the earldom, for I am sure Percy does not deserve it after his shameful behavior. You must be papa's son now, Darcy. Will you ring the bell, and ask Mrs. Lavington to come back, for the man has been waiting for these trimmings an immense while?"

And so Darcy's bride was won, and his fate decided.

CHAPTER XV.

THREATENED.

As Lestelle was passing the door of her drawing-room, thinking only of hiding in her own chamber the tears evoked by Darcy's farewell, which she recognized as a final one, Mr. Paulton presented himself at the door.

"Then you have returned at last!" he snarled. "The much-vaunted propriety that shrunk from a page's garb, and closes your doors against men of the highest rank, is laid aside for a midnight stroll with a favored lover!"

"I saw your carriage at my door," said Lestelle, her lips white with anger. "Take care that it is never seen there again, lest you also subject yourself to the unpleasantness of being refused admission. From this time forward all intercourse betwixt us ceases, except what my engagement at your theatre compels me to endure. You shall never have the opportunity to make these unwarrantable comments again."

But Wyett Paulton's wrath had expended itself, and he preferred to be conciliating.

"Tush! You provoked my rudeness by your

folly. Let it pass. Have we not quarrelled before, and on slighter grounds?"

"Good night," Lestelle coldly said, and would have passed on, but he interposed his bulky form between her and the stairs.

"It is late, I acknowledge it, but I have something to say, to which you must listen!"

She passed her hand wearily across her forehead. "I am tired, and my head aches. I am not fit to cope with you now. To-morrow I will hear you, if you like."

But Paulton continued to hold the door of the room open, and invite her to enter.

"I grieve to add to your fatigue, but I have other engagements for the morrow; and it is of importance that we should understand each other without delay."

She permitted him to lead her to a reclining chair near the lamp, which a dexterous touch of his hand placed so that its light fell full upon her features. Something in the wistful expression they wore moved him in spite of himself, and it was with unexpected gentleness that he addressed her. "Child, in those early days when you had no friend, no teacher but me, I was patient with your ignorance, forbearing with the wayward humors you displayed, and generous to you beyond my means, which were small enough then, heaven knows! When the voice I was so carefully cultivating utterly failed, and even you were in despair, it was I who consoled, and bade you be hopeful of regaining it. Step by step have I led you on, sharing your discouragements as well as your successes; spending my time and my money freely in your service, and never resting till I have seen you climb—always with my help, remember—to the height which, but for me, would have been unattainable."

"For which well-rehearsed efforts you have received the sum of— But you know the total better than I can tell you," said Lestelle languidly.

"But you do not—you cannot imagine that my share in the profits of your engagements has really repaid me? Do you forget that I have devoted the best years of my lifetime to you?"

"No; nor the further reward you look to obtain!" she answered, raising herself from her listless attitude, and speaking with a touch of defiance in her accents.

"And what is that?" asked Paulton, caressing his bushy whiskers, and eyeing her keenly.

"Put your meaning into your words, *belle amie*. We will have no more hints at each other's intentions. Whether it be for peace or war, let us have no concealments."

"If you had said this long since, and acted upon it, I might have respected you more," Lestelle retorted. "You propose, if I am not mistaken, to establish my birth by means of the paper you stole from me the night you brought me to London, a wretched, timorous child, who had eagerly snatched at the opportunity of escaping from one state of bondage, though it was only to fall into another almost as intolerable."

"Your words have a thankful ring, truly!" Mr. Paulton commented. "Had you not placed an undue value upon the paper, which, wisely, I think, I took into my own keeping, you would have seen that I had another and deeper reason for what I have done. Do you forget what I told you not long since?"

Lestelle pushed her chair back with a gesture of disgust.

"Do not repeat it! Do not compel me to remember how you spoke of making me your wife; but be thankful that I did not carry your words to Lettice Hill—the patient, loving, much-enduring Lettice."

"Miss Hill is a most exemplary person," Paulton carelessly replied; "but it is ridiculous to think that I have ever contemplated marrying her. She has been useful to me—extremely so. I don't know how I could have carried out my plans for your education if I had not secured her co-operation. But she has passed her first youth, and has neither wit, beauty, nor money to recommend her. Lestelle, from the time your own loveliness first began to expand, I resolved to wed you. Put aside the foolish dreams that have filled your mind of late, and consent to give me your hand."

"I am glad you do not dignify the bargain with any pretence of love," she answered, scornfully. "You are a clever man, Mr. Paulton; but you have not fathomed my nature as well as you fancy, or you would not have asked me this."

"Anyhow, I expected some such reply," he said, composedly. "I was prepared to hear you rail, and call me a madman, for thinking to mate my middle age with your girlhood. Say all you wish, then ponder a little, and ask yourself if it will be wise to reject me. You do not know all I offer; but recollect that not the least among my gifts shall be the power of revenging yourself. Ha! did you suffer nothing to-night when that scornful girl stood in all the pride of her beauty, with the family jewels glittering on her neck and arms, so openly disdainful you?"

Lestelle clasped her hands together, and choked down a sob.

"It was hard to bear, but I have forgiven her."

"And robbed her of her lover. Was it for this you loitered with Darcy Lesmere to-night? Then you are a brave girl, *ma belle*—a brave girl!"

Lestelle curled her lip contemptuously.

"Keep your praise till I stoop to some mean action, and merit it. Darcy Lesmere is about to marry his cousin Ida; and I have been

amongst the first to congratulate him on the event."

"And you will be mine?"

"Never—never!" she answered, so emphatically, that Wyett Paulton's face grew purple with passion.

"Take time to consider," he muttered. "Look on the reverse of the fair picture that I showed you but now. Wyett Paulton's wife would be wealthy and distinguished. The girl who foolishly rejects him may learn that a blight can be cast on the fame of the most talented actress—that she may find herself set aside for some new favorite, and hissed where she has been applauded."

He drew nearer, and laid his hand on Lestelle's. She did not attempt to withdraw it, but steadily met his threatening look.

"I am a dangerous foe, *belle amie*," he went on. "I have determined on this marriage too long to be easily turned from my purpose. You must be mine. You cannot establish your birth without my aid."

"This throat has lost its power over me," she mournfully exclaimed. "I have no longer any craving to know who or what I am. A name, however honorable, would not give me the love that could alone make life supportable."

"How long have you felt this strange indifference? Bah! it will pass away again. I will see you in a day or two, when you must be prepared with a definite reply to my proposals."

"Spare yourself the suspense this would involve," cried Lestelle, detaining him as he rose to leave her. "Your menaces, like your persuasions, have fallen powerless on my ears. You would but marry me to ensure your own aggrandizement."

"And yours, Lestelle. If I rise, you rise with me. Recollect this! Say your hand shall be mine, and I swear that you shall revenge yourself for every insult heaped upon you, and triumph over all those proud Glenaughtons!"

She laughed bitterly. "And scatter myself in the flames? Once I thought it would be very pleasant to do this; but not now. I will die as my mother died, and comfort myself as she did, that if I have been injured, I have borne to retaliate."

"Do you expect me to be stricken with admiration of such marvellous virtue?" he asked, with a sneer.

"No; for it is born of despair, not of any better feeling. Now let me go; and banish all hope of ever winning me to your wishes. If I had no other reason, I would still refuse to wed the man who has made the loving, trusting Lettice his tool for years, and now ruthlessly flings her aside."

Wyett Paulton stood for a moment or two fingering his watch-chain, and looking frowningly down into Lestelle's face. She kept her eyes raised to his, and not a trace of faltering could he perceive in their depths, or in the resolutely-set mouth that had spoken the decision he vainly strove to combat.

At last he picked up his hat.

"It is said, and henceforth I work alone. But I know why you have refused me, and how to strike the blow that shall make you regret this night's work."

Lestelle heard him with secret uneasiness, though she answered bravely enough. "I do not fear you. I am too indifferent regarding my future to care how soon you fulfil your threats."

"Keep such melodramatic speeches for the stage, little one. You have nothing to dread personally. You and I are still necessary to one another."

Some idea of his meaning now crossed Lestelle; and with paling cheeks, she rose, and followed him to the door.

"You will not attempt to injure Viscount Branceleigh? You cannot have the heart to do that? The boy is dying; I saw it in his face last night when he came behind the scenes to speak to me. Ah! you have wrought him sorrow enough. For your own soul's sake, spare him!"

Paulton laughed. "You will develop into a tragedy-queen by-and-by, my child; but you need not inflict these rehearsals on me. As for young Percy, if I had wished to do him any harm, I should not have let you coax me out of those cheques to which he had rashly signed his father's name. Be tranquil, Percy Branceleigh is not in my way; therefore I pass him by."

"And you will make no attempt to prove that I am the Earl of Glenaughton's child by an earlier marriage?"

"Most decidedly I shall not. Now, are you satisfied? Then, farewell."

Lestelle drew aside the curtains, and watched the carriage drive away. There was a dread of his malicious reprisals throbbing in her heart that she could not subdue. That he would fulfil his threat, and cause her to tremble for her rejection, she did not doubt. But in what way? If his vengeance were wreaked on her alone, it would be easy to endure it; but he had hinted that others were to be included in it, and Lestelle's fears grew more and more difficult to cope with.

A hand fell on her shoulder, and, with a scream, she turned to meet the sad eyes of Lettice Hill.

"I have heard all, my dear," said the latter, very quietly. "I grew so sleepy while waiting for you, that I laid down on the couch in yonder window, and did not wake till Wyett's voice aroused me."

Lestelle wrapped her arms around her friend.

"My poor Lettice! If you knew how often I have longed to tell you he was unworthy!"

"I should not have believed you. Nothing

but the evidence of my own ears would have convinced me. I have been a very silly, credulous creature, Lestelle. I thought this man loved me."

She smiled so strangely as she spoke, that Lestelle tried to soothe her. "Come to bed, dear Lettice. You have too much self-respect to grieve over the loss of such a lover. You must try to forget him."

"Not yet!" And now Lettice spoke with fiery bitterness. "Mr. Wyett Paulton's tool has a debt to pay. Let him look to himself. I have been faithful to his interests; I will be the same to my own."

She broke from Lestelle as she said this, and shut herself in her own room.

(To be continued.)

NO. "17;"

OR,

HOW I WAS TRAPPED.

BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

I knew but little of man's wickedness to man, when I was sixteen years old. Born and reared in the country, miles from even a village, and having only the society of boys of good habits, having Christian parents like myself, I never heard a real oath until I was fourteen, and the world of crime was a book of which I had never cut the leaves. I believed all men were like uncle Thompson, grandfather Fuller, and other neighbors about us, steady, industrious and honest.

I am going to tell you here what first opened my eyes.

The summer that brought my sixteenth birthday, also deprived me of a father. He was stricken down very suddenly, and it was only after the earth had closed over him that we could really feel our great loss. Many relatives came, and among them were two who came to stay, a sister of my mother's, and a niece. They came a distance of a hundred miles, and my aunt's son, a boy about my own age, came with them. It was the intention to let him stop a few days, and then send him back alone, he being used to traveling.

It was at length decided that when he went back I should go with him. A change of faces and location would blunt the edges of grief, and perhaps assist my health, which had not been good for several months. In going home with Fred, we should pass through Pittsburg. We would have to wait from seven until nine in the evening, change cars, and then a ride of twenty miles would finish the journey.

I will not trouble you with small particulars, but simply say that the day of our journey came; we rode safely to Pittsburg, and then prepared to wear away the time until nine o'clock. It was in October, and darkness had reigned over the city for half an hour before we reached it. Both of us had considerable money. I think I had about twelve dollars. I had a large wallet and in addition to the genuine bank bills, I had nearly a score of poor counterfeits which Fred had given me, his father having got them in some way. Altogether, good and bad, one to look at my open wallet, would have thought it contained two or three hundred dollars.

We sat down in the depot for a short time, and then my curiosity was so great that Fred consented to a short walk on the streets. I had never seen a gas lamp, horse-car, nor many other every day matters to the city lads, and it was a rare treat for me. Fred had seen them all, and took everything as a matter of course. After half an hour spent in rambling around, we returned to the depot, and at eight o'clock Fred was asleep in his seat, being tired out.

My curiosity was not half satisfied. There was a great display of fire-arms in a window three or four blocks away, and I longed for another look. I saw that it lacked an hour of train time, and I determined to take a walk on my own account. I had only to step out of the door to be upon the street, and there seemed to be no danger of my getting lost. I went out, and after a few minutes, I found the window; and for a long time stood and admired the guns, pistols, revolvers, game-bags, etc.

A block up the street was a jewelry store, displaying a window full of silver-ware, and here I had another treat. One block down another street a brass band commenced to play, as I stood looking at the silver, and of course I ran down there.

The band moved off after a moment, and I followed for a block or two, until seeing by a jeweler's clock that it only lacked a quarter of nine o'clock, I would not have more than time to reach the depot. Turning around, I started off on a run, rather frightened, and somewhat bewildered. I made two or three turns, and was quite sure that I was upon the street, leading to the depot. I expected every moment to come to the window filled with fire-arms, but after running a full mile and not finding it, I knew I had blundered, and was lost.

"Why, bless your soul!" exclaimed an old woman of whom I inquired the way, "you are more'n a mile from the depot, and your train left twenty minutes ago."

The woman kept a fruit and candy store, and while we were talking I took out my wallet, and made a purchase of some apples. There was a boy about my own age, but stouter, hanging

around the place, and he had such a hungry look that I offered him a couple of apples.

"Go away, you young thief!" shouted the woman, striking at the boy with a club which it seemed she kept on hand for such cases. "If you come around here any more, I'll call the police."

The boy fell back into the shadows, and the woman then directed me as best she could, how to reach the depot. No train would go out before morning on my route, but I wanted to get to the depot as soon as possible, knowing that Fred would be there, or be searching for me. I had only passed on half a block when the strange boy came pattering up behind me and touched my arm.

"Never you mind what the old woman said back there!" he whispered. "She came out State Prison only last week, an' she ar' the wust old thief in the world. You is a gent, you is, an' if you want to go to the depot, I'll lead you the way."

I believed the boy's assertion, and looked upon him as a martyr. I was even sorry that I had patronized the old woman, and wondered at her audacity in daring to heap such an insult on the boy. He walked along beside me, chattering like a magpie, and finally got to telling me about a horrible case of murder which had occurred that day. He described everything so graphically, and so much at length, that he secured my whole attention, and I only found myself again when hearing the bells strike ten.

"It's only a little way further now," he replied in answer to my question; "I'll soon land you right at the door."

I had told him about my getting lost, about Fred, that I believed Fred would wait for me, or perhaps secure assistance from the police, and search for me; and so he laid his plans accordingly. It must have been about half-past ten when he halted in front of an ill-looking building, and asked me to wait a moment on the walk while he went in and spoke to his uncle. We were off the business streets, away from stores, street-cars and pavements, and the neighborhood was composed of saloons and houses of still worse character.

"Come in a minnit, Johnny," whispered my guide, coming to the door and beckoning to me.

I went in after him, and found myself in a saloon. There was saw-dust on the floor, pictures of prize fighters on the walls, and a smell of beer and tobacco which made me sick. A stout, fat man, with red eyes and ugly face, came out from behind the bar and extended a big greasy hand for me to take.

"It ar' singlar what things do happen in this world!" he exclaimed, laughing, as if greatly pleased. "It warn't over fifteen minutes ago that your friend Fred war here looking for you. I knows Fred; he ar' a mighty fine chap, he ar'; says he to me as we took a glass together, says he; 'If Frank comes around here, do you ax him to stop until I come back. I will take a turn about, an' be back in an hour,' that's what he said, my boy, an' so ye can sit down in the back room for a short time an' be sure that he'll come in afore the bells strike again."

I believed every word of his statement, and why shouldn't I? How should he know about Fred and our journey, if Fred had not been there? I did not stop to think that I had told the boy, Jimmy, all about it, and that he could have repeated my statements to the man, and thus allowed the villain the foundation for concocting a plausible story. I went into the back room, which had no furniture except a bench or two, two or three chairs and a table, and sat down with the expectation that Fred would soon be along.

A novel entitled "Claude Duval, the Highwayman," lay upon the table. I had never even seen a book of the kind before, and from being interested in the wood-cuts, I at length began reading the wonderful adventures of the robber hero. I read page after page, utterly forgetting where I was. I heard men come in and go out of the front room, heard the bar-keeper moving about, but no sound took my attention from the narrative until the man opened the door and came in.

"Well, Mister Frank, it's after midnight," he exclaimed, "an' your friend hasn't come back yet. 'But, it ar' all right. I promised him to wait until midnight, an' then if he didn't come back I war to put you all nicely away to bed, an' send you over to the depot at five o'clock in the morning. So I'll call Jimmy and tuck you away."

"But—but I'll go to the depot," I replied. "If the boy will go with me, I'll give him a dollar." It frightened me to think of staying there all night in such evil company.

"That's it, you see," he continued. "The pleece regulations don't permit any one to be out arter midnight. If any of the peelers caught you out arter this time, they'd lock ye up for burglars, an' it would be ten years in State Prison at the least. Ye can have a nice bed, sleep like a bug, an' afore daylight ye'll be over to the depot safe an' sound."

There was no other way than to submit, but something told me that the man meant me evil, and had there been any way of escaping from the room I should have made an attempt. The man gave a sharp whistle, and the next moment Jimmy came in with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Light the young man up to bed, Jimmy, an' be sure to give him No. 17," remarked the man, and I caught a look passing between them which made me tremble.

If I had had the courage to demand that he let me out on to the street, and backed up my

demand by threats of police and arrest, perhaps he would have let me go. But, I had not the courage, and followed the boy through the hall, up the stairs, to the end of another hall, and then he opened a door and ushered me into No. 17. It was a lonesome room. The floor was uncarpeted, and the furniture consisted of a single chair, a bed and a wash-stand. There was but one window and that was heavily curtained.

"It's a nice cheery place," remarked the boy, holding the candle up so that I could see all around. "You'll be asleep directly you strike the bed, an' ye won't know anything more till I call ye in the mornin'."

He took out his knife, cut the candle in two, so as to leave me but half an inch, and then placed the light on the stand and went off. I took the light and looked under the bed, into an empty closet, and then sought to fasten the door. There was neither lock nor bolt; the most I could do was to place the stand and the chair against it. Had I had sufficient light to last the night through, I should have sat up all night. But the candle was already nearly gone, and I hastily undressed and jumped into bed, shivering like one with the ague.

The light went out a moment after, and the darkness was so black that I could not see my hand at my nose. I remained awake until the bell struck one, and then, having heard no stir below, my courage began to return. I soon made myself believe that I had been unduly suspicious, and when this feeling got possession of me, I began to feel sleepy, and it was not long before I was fast asleep.

I dreamed. I dreamed that some one came up stairs, softly pushed the door open, and came in with a shaded light and looked at my face. Another figure crept in, and I heard a whispered voice say:

"We've got his money, an' now we must croak him an' put the body out o' the way!"

As I dreamed this I awoke. I did not move and did not open my eyes, but I fully awoke, and in an instant realized that there was a light in the room and that some one was at the bed.

"Put up your knife, Jim," continued the voice. "We don't want any blood. We'll git the big feather bed, pile it on to him, an' he'll be smothered in a jerk, an' the doctors won't know what killed him!"

As they moved softly away I opened my eyes and saw the bar-tender and the boy Jim. I was so frightened that my limbs were numb; my throat was so parched that I could hardly swallow; I had no mind and knew not what to do, the two returned in a moment with the bed and placed it on the floor, and sat their light on the stand.

At that moment there came a kick on the door below, and some one shouted to be let in. As no one answered, the kicks came harder, and the voice called in louder tones.

"That's Tom," whispered the bar-tender.—"Confound him, why couldn't he stay away! Wait a minute an' I'll go down an' send him off."

The man went down and Jimmy stood in the door to listen to what was said. As soon as the street door was opened, a wrangle commenced, and Jimmy ran down, leaving the light on the bed. My numbness disappeared in an instant, and I leaped out of bed and donned my pants in a second.

Where should I go? I did not know: all I cared was to get out of the room. Passing through the door I entered another bedroom further down the hall, the door stood open, and the light shone in so that I could see quite plainly. There was no closet, no place to hide, and I had turned to go out when my eye rested on a small trap door in the ceiling over the bed, being the means of communication with the garret. I leaped on the bed just as the door below was slammed shut. Catching hold of a hook in the wall, I climbed on the head of the bedstead, pushed up the trap, and in another moment was in the garret.

I was not a second too soon. I was softly replacing the door when I heard the murderers pass the bedroom. Everything was still for a moment, and then I heard a fearful oath, a suppressed yell from the boy, and there was the sound of heavy feet in the hall. The door of the room was pushed open, and I saw the light of the candle and heard the excited tones of the bar-tender. He looked under the bed, jerked the clothes off the bedstead, and then ran out. I heard him opening doors and turning things around, and at length the two ran down stairs. I suppose they made a search of the lower part, as they were gone fifteen or twenty minutes. When they came back they entered the room below me, searched all around, and then I heard the bar-tender say:

"The chap has got away, but I don't know how. Not a door or window ar' open, and yet he's gone!"

I trembled so that I believed they could hear the boards shake, but they went out. They were a long time overhauling beds and closets, but at length gave up the search and went down stairs. The bells struck three as they went down, and for four long hours I hardly moved an inch from my first position.

I thought that I should hear other people stirring in the house, and thus have a chance to give the alarm and make my escape. I listened attentively, but not a footstep was heard, and it was evident that the part of the house that I was in, had no other occupants that night. It was plain that the man had purposely given other guests, if there were any, rooms in other parts of the house, that his scheme to murder

me might not be interfered with by the interference of others.

About seven o'clock, when it was fully daylight, the bar-tender came up and made another search. He finally passed down, and then I began to think what I should do. I had more courage now that daylight had come, and I determined to escape from the house.

As near as I could judge from the noise of vehicles passing, I was over a room which fronted the street. I would drop down, open the window, and then call a pedestrian. A moment after making up my mind I moved away the trap and dropped down on the bed. As I stood there one hand clutching the headboard to steady me, the brutal face of the bar-tender appeared at the door.

"Oh, ho! you were up there, eh!" he exclaimed, creeping slowly toward me and his blood-shot eyes looking like the eyes of a wolf.

A gave a loud yell and jumped to the back-side of the bed. As I put my hand up on the wall it encountered a heavy bed-wrench hanging on a hook, and I clutched it as a hard-pressed hunter might pick up a stick to defend himself against a panther.

The man crept slowly up, his hands outstretched, and as he reached the bed he made a grab for me. In my fright I leaped right at him, screaming loudly and struck him a heavy blow on the temple with the wrench. He staggered, clutched at my legs, swayed this way and that, and finally fell to the floor.

In an instant I was off the bed and running down stairs. Without a halt I passed through to the street door, unlocked it, and gained the street just as a policeman was passing.

"Here! what does this mean?" he exclaimed, seizing my arm. "What have you been doing?"

I was so excited that I could not speak coherently. The ordeal through which I had passed had frightened me almost out of my wits, and now I was in the hands of an officer. I was unsophisticated, and in a strange city where no one knew me. Everything was new and strange and calculated to work upon my boyish fears. Suppose the bar-tender was dead? I should then be charged with killing him. If he was alive he would be a witness in clearing up the matter; and my experience in that den had shown me that he was capable of committing any crime. If he would commit murder he would not stop at committing perjury and I should be held for trial, put in jail and perhaps sent to States Prison. My fears led me to place the worst phase upon the matter, and it was sometime before I could sufficiently collect my thoughts and control myself to make any intelligent statement of the occurrence. The policeman held me firmly while I stammered out a few broken sentences. He saw that I was terribly frightened, and discovered also, from my manner that I was a stranger, and evidently unused to the ways of a large city. He told me that I should not be harmed, and asked me to tell a straight story of the affair.

A crowd gathered, and I finally managed to state my case. A dozen men rushed up stairs, and the proofs were there. The bar-tender, unconscious, lay on the floor, and in his pocket was my wallet, every bill in which I could identify. The rooms were in confusion, the bed under which they had planned to smother me, was on the floor, with the balance of my clothing, and so they had to believe my story.

An officer went to the depot and found Fred, who had searched all night for me, and then we went to the office of the chief of police and made our statements. We were to be held as witnesses, he said, but an hour after an event happened which allowed us to resume our journey. The bar-tender breathed his last, and was beyond punishment in this world. A coroner's jury was summoned and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts given in my testimony. The bad character of the deceased was so well known that no corroboration of my testimony was required. It was a clear case of justifiable homicide on my part, and I was told that no proceedings against me would be had, and I was at liberty to depart when and where I choose. I would have been held that I might testify against Jimmy, only the police had a charge of burglary against him, which would certainly send him to prison, and so Fred and I went on our way.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN AN EAST-END PAWNSHOP.

In the window is a display of articles of every imaginable variety, from a copy of Dr. Watt's hymns to an old-fashioned blunderbuss. Here are violins and feather-beds, fish-hooks and latrons, boxing gloves and Bibles, watches and dumb bells, brandy flasks and celestial globes. Within is a hotch-potch of humanity scarcely less diversified in its elementary components. Big and little, old and young, clean and dirty, male and female, bundles and babies, are all jumbled up together in one laughing, crying, gossiping, grumbling, noisy throng, all but filling the little shop. In the better class of pawnshops little private boxes are arranged, apparently as a concession to any degree of shyness a customer may experience in negotiating a loan with "uncle." The extremely poor, however, know little of the scruples of gentility. There is, indeed, one little watchbox, but it is out of repair, and seems to be disregarded. "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," says Poor Richard; the appearance of this throng, however, scarcely bears out the truth of the aphorism. Sorrow-

ful faces there are among them, as, indeed, there are in all gatherings of the poor—pale, pinched, joyless faces, telling of lives full of worry and care, of scanty meals and unhealthy homes, and one incessant struggle with a hard, pitiless world. Here is a middle-aged woman with just such a face; she looks comparatively a novice at this kind of thing. Keen, eager anxiety is written in every line of her countenance as she hands in some little trinket and waits for the verdict. "Only half-a-crown, sir. I wanted four-and-six, if you please;" and there is a world of trouble in the tremulous undertone of hers. Three shillings is the utmost she can get, and she pushes her way through the crowd looking deeply dejected and scarcely repressing a quiver of the lip. It becomes evident before one has been a witness of the scene many minutes that the command of money is not the only qualification essential to these latter-day representatives of the old Dukes of Lombardy. There must be not only a capability of appraising at a minute's notice articles of all kinds, from a double-barrelled bootjack to a model steam-engine, but a certain degree of hardness of heart is requisite. For the most part, however, the people here are quite old stagers, whose goods oscillate backwards and forwards over the pawnbroker's counter with the most amusing regularity, and the refusal to advance all that is demanded is not always so very painful a duty. Yonder is a young lady with a black eye and a pugnacious-looking, self-asserting nose. She wants 8s on a dress, but can get only 6s, and is disposed to argue the matter. She contends in terms which betray considerable experience in financial negotiations of this kind that the offer of 6s is ridiculous. The stuff of which the dress was made was in last week for 4s 6d, and was only fetched out on Monday, and "its never been on nobody's back," and she stoutly maintains that she has a right to more than eighteenpence for making and lining. It does not pay, however, to argue with ladies whose elocutionary powers have been developed in the purlieus of Ratcliffe Highway, and the shopman quietly makes out the ticket as he thinks best, the disappointed borrower expressing her regret that she did not leave the stuff in for 4s 6d. Customers swarm in thicker and faster, and poor "James," the shopman, comes in for an amount of badgering and disrespectful chaff which goes to show that a general sweetness of disposition is another feature very desirable in a man in his position. One sturdy little dame noisily demands her boots, for which she has been waiting till her "feet's like dabs o' hie," and in a tone of mock severity she intimates her conviction that the spruce young shopman has lent them to his wife to go to market in. Eighteenpence had, it appeared, been raised on the security of the boots the previous Tuesday. The night before there had been a kind of valedictory "li-quoring up," and this had resulted in financial embarrassments, from which no means of ex-trication could be devised but "leaving" the boots and going barefoot. They are handed to her presently, and she slips them on there and then, and marches out of the shop with the air of a person who has once more triumphed over misfortune. Something of the same kind probably has happened in the case of the rough-looking worthy who comes in his shirt-sleeves to redeem his coat. It is not always imprudence of this kind, however, that brings these people to the pawnshop. There is an angry mother who has brought a little parcel in consequence of the unheard-of depravity of her youthful son. This little desperado has been climbing somewhere where he ought not to have been, and has protruded the only pair of trousers he has in the world through a large square of glass, for which his mother has had to pay one and ninepence, and she gives free expression to her feelings in terms decidedly vigorous. As she unfolds her parcel it is evident that for the present, at all events, the unlucky urchin will have no chance of repeating the offence, and that he is now probably bewailing his indiscretion in tears and nakedness. Saturday night is more especially the time for redeeming goods, or "parting," as it is technically called, and bundles and parcels of all sorts and sizes keep thumping down a kind of wooden chimney behind the counter, the tickets as they are handed in being hauled away into some mysterious region by means of a piece of cord. Articles of every imaginable description are claimed and carried away, though for the most part the pledges appear to consist of little bundles of clothes which will do service on the Sunday and be brought in on the Monday. It would be curious to know what proportion of their incomes people of this class expend in the course of the year in the payment for pawn tickets and interest on loans.—Globe.

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus's Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

The Pills contain the active properties of Mandrake and Dandelion, as well as compound Extract of Colocynth and Extract of Hyoscyamus. Test them for your own satisfaction. One box contains about 28 Pills, and each Pill is a sufficient dose for an adult in ordinary cases. Try them.

A son of Paganini, Achille by name, has addressed from Parma, where he resides, a circular to the Italian music-sellers, offering to sell a certain number of the unpublished works of his father.

PROPHETIC ALMANACS.

As our faith in Moore is only equalled by our faith in Zadkiel, we shall do no injustice, we hope, to either by consulting the rival oracles indiscriminately. It is comforting to find the new year described as one of prosperity. In spite of a prevalence of strong southerly winds, mankind in general will be sociable and will delight in "husbandry and manuring the earth." Venus in Taurus will keep things "tolerably peaceful" in Ireland during April; Fenianism is to be scotched for a while; but we await with curiosity the "new arguments" on Home Rule now maturing, we presume, in the fertile imagination of Mr. Butt. One of our largest colonies is to "clamor for a separate existence, and its pretensions will be seconded by a foreign Power of great magnitude." But we read with relief that the time for England's decline is not yet; indeed, our maritime supremacy which we owe to the influence of Aries, is to continue, despite Mr. Reed's gloomy forebodings, until the "powers of heaven are shaken." An English nobleman of ancient family is to go over to Rome, and his example will be followed by a distinguished member of the Anglican ministry; but we look in vain for the usual announcement that "an eminent divine is likely to be caught in the snares of the little winged boy." There is to be a new substitute, it would seem, for steam-engines. The difficulty of obtaining coal will lead to the "successful adoption of a principle of locomotion by which the consumption of fuel will be reduced to a minimum." The complete solution of the problem of aerial navigation is to be reserved for our children's children, who are to roam the air in vehicles as manageable as a toy-cart; but we are authorized by Zadkiel to state that in 1873 men will "prepare to begin" to navigate the air when Mercury is exalted above the Moon. A "great and perplexing law-suit"—may we venture to understand by this the Tichborne trial?—will be as far from solution as ever when the year has expired. The death of one of the principal parties is to lead to "endless complications," which will disappoint the public, but gratify the "be-wigged gentlemen." Furthermore, another case still more exciting and full of startling revelations is promised us for 1874. Beyond, however, announcing some "salutary laws relating to land," the stars very properly decline to divulge the secrets of the Cabinet.

Looking abroad, we find mankind surveyed from China to Peru. We are so accustomed to hear of things from America that "astonish the whole world," that the announcement of more wonders does not occasion much surprise; it conforms as strictly to precedent as sinister prognostics with respect to the sick man. The burning of Chicago does not appear to have been predicted, but then of course even an astrologer cannot be responsible for the vagaries of an American cow. As regards the *Alabama* questions, however, the physician is evidently wandering with his planets. "The Arbitrators," he says, "will give their verdict upon the question of the indirect claims, but at the last moment a legal flaw will be discovered in the constitution of the Court and the whole question will be reopened." It adds greatly to the merits of astrology that it should be able not only to create the future but to undo the past. In France the present Government is to continue "in the ascendant"; there are to be some military riots in May, and in July the nation is to be punished in some manner for its conduct towards the "half-naked men of Africa;" but a judicious retrogression of Jupiter in Leo will stave off serious evils. Wars and rumors of wars are to occur in Asia and South Africa, but Russia is to take to painting and literature instead of extending her territory; and, what with exhibitions and arbitration, we are to arrive at a "cosmopolitan feeling of brotherly affection for all mankind" in December. A disagreeable discovery, however, appears to be in store for us. It will be found that England and France, with several other countries of Europe, have been duped by an impostor. "By the concoction of a bold and plausible solution of a question which for years has agitated the minds of all civilized men, an arrant knave had succeeded in disarming their suspicions, and had been publicly received and feted in almost every town of importance, and looked upon as one of the noblest of his race." When the bubble bursts about July, the chagrin of a deluded people is only to be qualified by a "deeper and more solemn sadness." There is a tone of self-distrust in the remark that "it may not be the time yet for the coming millennium," which represents perhaps Dr. Cumming's latest opinions on the subject, but we might have expected more assurance from an astrologer. Nor is it quite satisfactory to find such utterances as "great uncertainty appears in mundane affairs"—"there will be many close consultations; I hope they may be for the best"—"some great projects are talked about, but I rather think they will come to nothing." Even ordinary mortals can "hope" and "rather think," but we look for better things from a reader of the stars. Such generalities expose the science to unworthy imitations. Indeed, we imagine that a very tolerable system of prognostics might be constructed on the basis of a few simple principles—that there is nothing new under the sun, and that the progress of mankind in wisdom is not very perceptible on the general view of things. Thus we might venture to predict that several fires will happen in 1873, particularly in London; and several pockets will be picked with more or less success—or, as Moore

would say, some "private contrivances of a mischievous nature will be in agitation;" that several long debates will take place in Parliament, and that in the subsequent divisions the numbers will be about the same as if there had been no debate at all; that Mr. Whalley will discover a new Jesuit in disguise, and Mr. Ayrton will not improve his manners; and that several thousand sermons will be preached, many of which have been preached before, and few of them remembered after. And it may be added, in the language of the oracle, that many people will "precipitate themselves into mischief by luxury and extravagant courses;" that "probably a signal marriage will be concluded," and "one of the female sex will suffer from frowns, but whether deservedly or not let time determine." The hieroglyphics before us are too wonderful to be described in plain prose. Zadkiel contents himself with four woodcuts, representing the operation of ploughing, a hustings—apparently an anachronism for 1873—a number of Chinese fighting with Europeans, and an earthquake. Moore's pennyworth is richer in allegory. Among other objects we observe a young lady with an enormous chignon contemplating a lion and a cat. The prominence of this figure, it is explained, indicates the position which woman is destined to occupy in the immediate future; but her averted face and her attention to the cat give evidence that she will still retain her native "unobtrusiveness and domesticity."

Of course no prudent astrologer would give his reasons for predicting anything if there were the faintest chance of their being intelligible, but even star-gazers have apparently a method in their madness. Thus an opposition of Saturn and Mars seems to provoke a tendency to gossip, while the transit of the latter through Scorpio instantly produces bankruptcies in Liverpool. When Jupiter opposes Venus there is "trouble and vexation in store for one of the fair sex, by means of some person in orders;" but the former, when saluted by the friendly beams of the sun, brings preferment to the "truly pious clergy."—*Saturday Review*.

UMBRELLAS.

Here is what *All the Year Round* says about umbrellas and their early use:

A large umbrella was usually kept hanging in the hall at good houses, to keep visitors dry as they passed to or from their carriages. Coffee-house keepers provided in the same way for their frequenters; but men disdained to carry such a convenience through the streets. It was held effeminate, indeed, to shirk a wetting. "Take that thing away," said Lord Cornwallis to the servant about to hold the house umbrella over him. "I am not sugar or salt, to melt in a shower." The Marquis would have enjoyed the scene at that Metz review, when an officer offering his umbrella to his unprotected Emperor, Joseph II., exclaimed, "I heed not a shower, it hurts nothing of a man but his clothes." Whereupon ensued a closing movement all round.

There is certainly something unsoldierly about our subject, and it is hard to imagine the Guards under fire and umbrellas at the same time. Such a thing, however, was seen once. During the action at the Mayor's House, near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers under Colonel Tynling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Wellington, happening to ride that way, beheld the officers of the household regiment protecting themselves from the pelting rain with their umbrellas. This was too much for the great chief's equanimity, and he sent off Lord A. Hill instantaneously, with this message, "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas under fire, and cannot allow the gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army." He afterward gave the Colonel a good wiggling himself, telling him, "The Guards may carry umbrellas when on duty at St. James, but in the field it is not only ridiculous but unmilitary."

Sainte-Beuve saw nothing ridiculous in standing fire under an umbrella. When he appeared as a duelist for the first time and last in his life, the critic took his place, armed with an ancient flint-lock pistol and an umbrella. His adversary protested against the gingham, the seconds remonstrated, but in vain. Sainte-Beuve declared he had no objection to being shot, but preferred to die a dry death, so the duel proceeded, until each combatant had fired four shots without effect. Sainte-Beuve keeping his umbrella hoisted to the end. Wolfe, no feather-bed soldier, did not think there was any unmanliness in keeping one's coat dry. Writing home from France, in 1755, he expressed his surprise that the Parisian fashion of using umbrellas in sunshine, and something of the same kind in wet weather, had not been adopted in England.

WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.

"One hundred bamboo cages are wanted!" Such was the form of an order issued a short time ago (says a Shanghai paper) from the office of the Chow Yang district magistrate near Swatow. The plain meaning was that about that number of men were to be beheaded, and the bamboo workers were required to furnish the requisite means of conveying the victims to the execution ground. The occasion of this hecatomb was the presence of General Pang, who by special imperial commission is meting out justice to delinquents in the district indicated of

20 and 30 years' standing, as well as to those of quite recent date. It so happened that only 80 of the cages were used, the remainder being kept in reserve, for the prisons are yet full. The victims, on arriving at the Acaidama, were placed in long rows, the men in each row being some 10 feet apart, so as to furnish plenty of room for the agile executioner, after leaving one to get a good swing of his blade before coming to another. When all were arranged, and relays of swords or choppers were placed at suitable intervals along the line—for the executioner uses a fresh one for every half-dozen men—the horrible work commenced, and the fellow went bounding and dancing down one row and up another, whacking off a human head at every fall of the bloody cleaver. The scene we have attempted dimly to shadow forth is more suggestive of the slaughter of hogs in those large American establishments where they make away with a thousand a day. But, for celerity, that one Chinaman can surpass any guillotine that ever was made. During the past three years General Pang has beheaded some 3,000 at least, and the most of the work has been done by this one man—a short stout-built fellow, with a hawk nose that well befits his calling—who attends Pang wherever he goes. His history, as told by the people of Swatow, is curious enough. One day, in old rebel times, Pang had a file of rebels kneeling before him for execution. The executioner began, and was bungling in a horrible way. The hawk-nose fellow was down the line awaiting his turn. He was used to such scenes, and did not quail. He watched the bungler for a few turns, and then called in a loud voice to Pang to know if they were all to be hacked in that manner; and then asked to be released, and he would show them how to do it. Pang was struck with his audacity, and ordered his request to be complied with. He went at it and made short work of it, then throwing down the sword and resuming his kneeling posture, he called upon them to finish him. "No," said Pang, "that man is too useful, I want him myself;" and so he was spared, and a bloody career has he since led. He prides himself on his horrid calling, and boasts that he never misses his aim, nor takes a second blow.

OLD BACHELORS.

What more miserable object can there be than an old bachelor? And who attracts so much disagreeable attention from those who behold him? People in general do not know whether to compassionate or condemn the poor fellow, and so they adopt a compromise and laugh at him. There can be no doubt about this fact—that the life of the old bachelor is a sorry one. If he is poor, he is snubbed by mankind in general; if he is rich, he is pampered and petted, but it is rendered evident, at the same time, that as a whole people are only making much of him in the hope that he will remember them in his will. He is considered, by numerous nephews and nieces, and a large circle of acquaintances, as a legitimate object for plunder; and never are such better pleased than when they have compelled him to disgorge some of his wealth. As a rule, he has to take up his residence with people who allow him to remain with them on sufferance only; and the general impression appears to be that he is a species of social reprobate, who ought to be made as miserable as possible. Many persons make a point of openly jeering at him when they do not desire to obtain anything from him, while others pet and coax him when there is anything to be gained thereby. But, whenever he is pampered, he must be painfully aware that it is not so much for himself as for that filthy lucre which he is reputed to possess, and this knowledge, if he be a man of any sentiment, must be peculiarly galling. Those who, in his younger days, really loved the old bachelor, die off, become scattered over the world, or create new ties for themselves. He creates few, if any, of these new ties. A man, by marriage, most frequently unites himself with a young and rising generation, and his children remain attached to him until he dies, and treasure his memory long after he has passed away. This is what, in the very nature of things, the old bachelor cannot do; if he wishes to secure the affection of a rising generation, he must ingratiate himself with the children of other men, and, at the best, has to content himself with a second-rate love, and this love, second-rate though it be, is difficult of attainment. He may buy the semblance of it, but no one can know better than he does when he has purchased the shadow for the substance. Besides, a long life of bachelorhood develops a number of objectionable characteristics which are calculated to induce people to place themselves in antagonism to him. He has for many years no one to care for but himself; no one's comfort or convenience to study but his own. This generates selfishness, which in time becomes chronic. Further, every service which is rendered him being paid for in some way or other, he deems himself privileged to snap and snarl if things are not exactly to his liking. This induces the belief, on his part, that his comfort is paramount to everybody else's, and should on all occasions receive the first and most careful consideration. Thus he loses his equanimity if people—even those who are not beholden to him in any way—display a disregard of his likes and dislikes. He grumbles, for instance, when they invade his territory and leave his door open; and growls still more bitterly when those around him make a noise. In short, he becomes fidgety, irritable, and intensely selfish;

and yet, though this is the case, he is placed in such a helpless position that he must perforce allow himself to be plundered, and bullied, and played upon generally by most of those with whom he comes in close and familiar contact.

There is much that is distinctive about an old bachelor. An ancient individual himself he differs, in a marked degree, from other aged men. In the matter of dress, he is at once more particular, and more apparently negligent; though this apparent negligence may arise from the fact that he has nobody who will take any trouble whatever in reference to him. Generally, he wraps himself up in a manner which at once bespeaks the very great solicitude he entertains on his own behalf; and the thought of "catching a cold" is a bugbear which frequently haunts his mind, and tends to make his life miserable. Nervousness and querulousness are among his distinguishing characteristics; and a hatred of all "little noises" is another striking idiosyncrasy. Thus, though he may profess, and really feel a love for children, he likes them to be near him only when they are quiet, and is apt to speak testily to thoughtless youngsters who are indulging in riotous proceedings. Many a young life is rendered one of intense anxiety and caution by the close proximity of an old bachelor, and not a few exuberant bursts of innocent mirth are checked by his acrid interference. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the old bachelor is avoided to a greater or lesser extent and regarded in the light of an infliction. Though indisposed to relinquish his privileges, it is aggravating to him to notice this is the case; and he is often grieved to find that he is almost incapable of securing the real love of any one. He hates himself because of his foibles and crotchets, but it is too late in the day for him to reform, and so he continues to cherish them, and indulge in eccentricities of dress, manner, speech, and in many instances, thought.

Though there are many old bachelors, comparatively few of them die unmarried. When least expected, they contract matrimonial alliances, thereby disappointing numerous nephews, nieces, and protégés, who have been confidently expecting that they would come in for their property. The marriage of an old bachelor is regarded by many of these people in the light of a personal injury; and the chances are that he alienates, or irreparably offends, two-thirds of his professed friends. It is argued that an aged man—already far advanced in the sere and yellow leaf—has no right to tie himself in such a manner, it being his imperative duty to remain single, and look after the interests of those who have sacrificed so much on his behalf. The chances are, that his marriage is one of convenience more than actual love, both on his part and that of his wife. She, perhaps, takes him because he is wealthy, and can provide her with a first-rate establishment; he, probably, marries her because he feels insufferably lonely, and wishes to have a home of his own, where, if he cannot do everything exactly as he likes, he is certain of meeting with a real welcome. He becomes tired, no doubt, of living with others, who, if expediency demand they should do so, will not hesitate about casting him adrift. Whether such marriages, as a rule, turn out completely satisfactory, is doubtful. As already hinted, the old bachelor generally becomes unfitted for domestic life; and, though, perhaps, after a hard struggle, aided by his wife, he tones down some of his more glaring defects, it is questionable whether he ever altogether undoes the evil work of years. This, at any rate, is certain—if his union proves fruitful, he must continually be haunted by the consciousness that he cannot, in the ordinary course of events, hope to live to see his children grown-up and in a fair way of managing for themselves.—*Liberal Review*.

RECOINING GOLD AT THE MINT.

The United States Mint at Philadelphia is now engaged in melting twenty millions of \$1 gold pieces which are being recoined into pieces of larger denominations. The reason for this is that the government has experienced trouble in issuing them in large quantities. This induced the government to take them from the Sub-Treasury in New York, where they have been idle the past few years, and place the metal in a more desirable shape.

From 1849, when the first one dollar gold pieces were coined at the mint in that city, to 1867, when the coinage was stopped, there has been \$17,709,442 made in the Philadelphia Mint alone. It is presumed that the whole issue of \$1 gold pieces will amount to over thirty millions.

One million of gold dollars, when first issued by the Mint, will weigh 3,686 pounds avoirdupois, or a fraction over one ton (twenty cwt.) and four-fifths. In twenty millions of dollars we have nearly thirty-three tons. The loss by abrasion in one million dollars is \$4,408.87. In other words, \$20,000,000, used ten years, loses \$88,66,140. If the twenty million pieces to be melted were piled in perpendicular line, they would reach eleven and five-sixths miles. Were the pieces laid flat on a level plain, they would extend one hundred and fifty-eight miles.

Mr. Reid, the present keeper of the prints and drawings at the British Museum, is about to publish "A history of the Print Room of the British Museum," with some account of its contents and biographical notices of its successive keepers.

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve," "Wreck-
ed; or, the Rosclarras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

"IS THIM KEB?"

Denville, with a moss-rose bud in his button-hole, and the green-eyed monster rearing his crested head in his bosom, went to the calico ball. The rooms were full when he arrived, and dancing had been in progress for some time, and making his way to a quiet corner, he seated himself in the shadow of a draped Union Jack, partly because he did not feel disposed to be in the least sociable, and partly to observe the gay crowd whirling past. The band was playing one of those gallops that would animate a marble Minerva, and the peculiar rhythmical tripping of satin-shod feet mingled pleasantly with the measured, intoxicating strains of the instruments. Presently came the flash of a scarlet coat and the glimmer of a golden head shining against it, and Cecil drifted past with Prancer, in a wonderful toilette that might have been from the looms of Persia, but was in reality a blue and white striped print. Cecil lent a dainty grace to any fabric she deigned to wear, and she had never looked lovelier than she did to-night. Denville saw with a kind of cynical satisfaction that it was his camellias that shone, star-like, in the golden mist of her hair and in her bouquet-holder, though it was tolerably plain that, unconscious of his presence, she was doing her most bewitching best to bring affairs with the lieutenant to what she was wont to term "something decided," otherwise a formal proposal. She was somewhat on her mettle about this devoted but wary sub, who sported round her dainty hook and yet managed to keep clear of that "something decided," without which the soul of Cecil was disquieted within her. She liked to keep her matrimonial accounts in the simplest manner possible, and had no mind to enter Prancer on the list of men who did not "come to the point," and, to do Prancer justice, he was fully up to all her little schemes on his behalf, being a gentleman of a delightfully astute and calculating kind, and, in the choice language of those sportive youths, his fellow officers, "up to no end of dodges!" Miss Cecil's amongst the number.

Denville danced with some half a score of hours, and seemed, like Tennyson's prince, "To move amongst a world of ghosts,
And feel himself the shadow of a dream."

He simpered, and complimented their pretty dresses, looked at the moon with the sentimental from the conservatory, laughed with the lively over ices and tea in corridors and refreshment rooms, and behaved like the other men present externally, while mentally a mist clouded his brain, and a kind of numbness deadened his senses. Wherever he looked rose the face of Olla Frazer, the deep brown eyes searching his, the pure brow calm and serene as that of some pictured saint. It was the only real thing in that floating crowd of brilliant shadows circling round him. He thought of it persistently, and was as wretched as any human being could well be, with a kind of vagueness in the pang. When it was the good old custom in the good old times to break the bones of criminals, stretched on the wheel, one after the other, with an iron bar, it was asserted that after the first blow or two they felt no pain; yet we cannot suppose them to have felt anything but intensely uncomfortable, and the first stages of a man's mind after some severe shock resembles not a little the probable sensations of the broken-alive criminal, a dull insensibility quivering on the edge of keenest agony.

After supper he had his slow waltz with Cecil, and, after a turn or two, Cecil found it so warm that there was nothing for it but the conservatory, and thither he led her, carrying her fan and bouquet, and bending his dark head to catch her laughter-lit chatter. She laughed delightfully, like a peal of silver joy-bells, and her velvet cheeks were vivid as roses, her blue eyes dazzling, and her small, fine lips like dewy coral; and presently they were seated on a cushioned bench, behind a great bank of gorgeous bloom, with the moonlight streaming over them, and her little head very near his coat-sleeve. This was a *l'le-a-l'le* after Cecil's own heart. They had the conservatory to themselves; there were flowers, moonlight, softened music, all the adjuncts of sentimental flirtation, and an eligible *parti* to angle for. Cecil was a scientific flirt. She dashed into the thing *con amore*, and with a zest that never tired.

"The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with his golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait."
So Shakespeare said, but Cecil enjoyed the sport more thoroughly when some trifling obstacle rendered the prey less certain. What, to

at cosy little card tables, on which shone little piles of gold, that changed hands frequently. Mr. Macer had formed a select party for himself, consisting of Denville, Spooner and an elderly young man, with a bald head, a chronic weakness pervading his brain and his knees, and a plethoric purse. They had all, with the exception of Macer, poured out generous libations to the vine-garlanded god of champagne suppers, and while Macer's bronzed face was as undisturbed as that of a statue, Denville's was deeply flushed, the elderly young man developed a remarkable tendency to break into sudden warblings of amatory odes, and Spooner's countenance assumed exactly that expression bestowed on the bird of Minerva, as pictured in cheap wood-cuts of the heathen mythology. When the dawn struggled in through the curtains, the party broke up, a gentle melancholy on the faces of Spooner and the elderly young man, and a cold smile glittering in flashes across the face of Mr. Macer, as he shot covert and derisive glances at them from the corners of his treacherous-looking eyes. The elderly young man was put by a sleepy waiter into a cab, and departed through the dawn to the address, viciously given by Prancer, of two old

Macer was content to stroll on in silence. By and by he had one or two items of information to obtain, he hoped, from Denville, but he had plenty of time before him, and lazily enjoyed his cheroot, undisturbed by the taciturnity of his companion, and reflecting pleasantly on the, to him, profitable pleasures of the past night. He had won considerable sums from Spooner and the elderly young man, and was at ease concerning his board for a few weeks to come, for his finances had been at a very low ebb, and he had not seen his way very clearly towards replenishing them.

"There's a steamer coming in, I see," he said as they found themselves on one of the wharves. A few cabs were waiting about, and one or two hotel busses to receive passengers. Some porters were seated, waiting to manipulate the luggage, and enjoying their breakfasts out of cheerfully tinted pocket handkerchiefs of scarlet and yellow.

"Yes," answered Denville, looking over the lake; "she'll be in in about ten minutes. Suppose we wait. She is a neat-looking vessel."

So she was. Floating towards them in the spreading rose and gold of dawn, like a white bower rising from the purple lake, slowly brightening to amethyst, flecked with long ridges of swaying scarlet as the mists faded from its waters. A long band of ebony smoke floated into the shadows from her lofty funnel, and her great paddle-wheels dashed the spray into cascades of carbuncles and diamonds. Suddenly the sun lifted itself into the shadowy world, and a tract of quivering gold ran along the lake. The porters began to bestir themselves, and to one of them Macer turned.

"What is the name of the steamer?" he said, offering the man a cigar.

"She's the *Lake Queen*, from Windsor," replied the man civilly. "She seems pretty full this morning."

The decks were sprinkled with groups making ready to land, and in a few moments they were pouring over the gangway, and the wharf was a lively scene of bustle and confusion.

"Ah thin, now, is thim kebs, yer honor?" said a voice close in Denville's ear, so close, indeed, that the speaker's red head was thrust between him and Macer, bringing the latter round with

something like a start by its sudden proximity.

Denville turned, and beheld a short, stout man in a doeskin jerkin and a coonskin cap, regarding him with an affable smile on his broad countenance, and pointing one gnarled brown finger at the row of cabs.

"Yes, they're cabs," said Denville, smiling a little at the man's simplicity. "Do you want one?"

"Well now, no, yer honor, I can't say but that I'm aiquel to walkin'. It's for the Caplin an' Miss Drosia I'm wantin' one."

Denville signalled to one of the file, who drove up as a gentleman and two ladies, clad in deep mourning and closely veiled, hastily advanced to the gangway, and his face flushed deeply as he recognized Captain Frazer. One of the ladies was about the height and figure of Olla, and dreading to catch a glimpse of her sweet face, Denville turned hastily to leave the wharf, a mist before his eyes and twenty million little bells ringing in his ears, but Archie saw and recognized him.

"Hallo, Denville!" he called out in his frank, clear voice, "you are about the last man I expected to see in these parts. Here, Mike, put that bag into the cab! Now, Winona, take care of the wheel; there, you're all right." Archie placed the taller of the two ladies in the vehicle, and turned to assist her whom Denville half-suspected to be Olla in, when a sudden puff of wind tore the heavy crêpe veil from her face and blew it to Macer's feet, who was leaning against a capstan, surveying the party through a double eye-glass he constantly used. He lifted it, and with a deep bow restored it to its owner, who stared at him with a shy bewilderment, as though uncertain how to acknowledge the courtesy, and Denville saw with a mixture of pleasure and disappointment that she was not Olla.

Archie's eyes smiled as he watched her for a second, gazing shyly at Macer, the morning light glorifying her beautiful face, and the "west wind, wabun," stirring the bronze tresses of her hair, and then he relieved her perplexity by a



"IS THIM KEB?"

the thorough sportsman, would be the enjoyment of a "burst" across country without the hedges and ditches which try the mettle of himself and his steed? Cecil had some uphill work before her, such as a trifle of treachery towards her bosom friend, a few ready inventions, and her vivid loveliness, she felt, would inevitably surmount, and when she joined her mamma, some hour later, her face was brilliant with triumph, and Denville, walking home with Prancer and Spooner to the Rossin, carried in his note-book a camellia bud he had a shadowy remembrance of begging from her, with some sentimental commonplace that he had not attached even the shadow of meaning to.

He laughed absently at Spooner's "chaff" on the subject of his flirtation, and Prancer's keener little shafts of lazy cynicism fell blunted from the shield his dulled sensitiveness presented. He had looked upon Olla as tacitly but assuredly his own, to claim when he would, and perhaps had not held her so inestimably precious in that lordly certainty of possession. Now that she was altogether removed beyond his reach, that no vows or protestations could ever bind her to him, he was stunned and cruelly unjust to her under the blow. She must have known that he loved her! and what right had she to turn from him to another? Who had given her the privilege of crushing his heart beneath her careless feet? She was his, in that he had loved her beyond and above every earthly thing. It was a vile treachery on her part that she had bound herself to another. That he had led her through paths that, if pleasant, were involved in shifting mists of painful doubt and uncertainty of him and his affection, he never allowed himself to remember. The treachery was hers, all hers, the pain his alone.

Mr. Macer, the pleasant acquaintance he had made at the billiard room, made one of the party collected in his room, and under his quiet manipulation, the usual rather jovial and noisy characteristics of a gentleman's supper party gave place to two or three quiet groups of men

maiden aunts, from whom he had "expectations," and in whose porch the maid-servant found him, propped against the hall-door, snoring peacefully, with his hat jammed over his eyes, and his necktie twisted suggestively in a knot under his left ear.

The wine Denville had drank had excited him considerably, and, after his guests had departed, he changed his coat and, lighting a cigar, sought the brisk morning air, for his head was aching violently. As he passed Macer's room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, the latter came out, apparently bound on the same errand as himself, and they strolled through the empty, shadowy streets in the cool grey of the morning, enjoying the virginal freshness of the growing dawn. The spires of the churches glittered up into the misty sky like shafts of faintly gleaming silver, and a star or two flickered in the vapory rose through which the moon, like a globe of pearl, sank slowly westward. Flights of pigeons wheeled from roofs and pigeon houses, and dropped on their rosy feet on the dewy ground, softly cooing, and rustling their variegated feathers.

Wherever a large body of water exists, the feet of aimless pedestrians turn instinctively towards it, and without giving the matter a thought, the two men strolled towards the lake through the quiet streets. Macer glanced frequently at the moody countenance of his silent companion, for Denville was little inclined for conversation, and, indeed, would have preferred the companionship of his own thoughts to that of his new acquaintance, for whom, despite his pre-occupation, he was conscious of perceiving a growing distaste. Denville was but one-and-twenty, and at that age one is more likely to like or dislike from instinct than by any of those rules of reason and experience that control our likings in after-life. At thirty an honest man may like a rogue, because he may judge him from a false basis of presumed honesty, but at twenty, as a rule, there is instinct, that experience has not warped, and instinct is truthful.

word of thanks to Macer, who drew back with a bow and smile to his former position, while Archie handed her into the cab.

"Wait a moment, Denville," he called out as he closed the door; "I'll walk up town with you. Drive to the Rossin," he said to the cabman; "and, Mike, remember there are rooms taken there for Miss Howard and Winona. I'll be there directly myself."

"Divil a doubt of that same!" replied Mike, clambering to a seat beside the cabman, with a broad grin of contentment, and the vehicle whirled off, leaving the three men on the wharf.

Archie slipped his arm through Denville's.

"You look as cheerful as a Scotch mist," he said, regarding the latter laughingly. "Who's your friend?" he inquired, as, lifting his wide felt hat, Macer strolled slowly away, evidently surmising that he might be *de trop*.

"He's a mere acquaintance I picked up yesterday," replied Denville. "But how is it that you're in by the steamer? I heard you were up at the Manitoulins, and Miss Bertrand told me something of a dangerous wound you received, and some knight-errantry that you were engaged in."

Archie's face fell just a shade at mention of Cecil's name.

"I was beyond the Manitoulins," he said, "but I was obliged to come all the way down by water on account of my companions, who did not like the idea of land-travel. We have been a considerable time on the way, as they had to stop at one of the lake towns to make some purchases. I had to stop at headquarters to get an extension of leave, or we should have gone straight on to my father's at once. By the way, how is it you are up here just now?"

Denville saw that he did not care to be questioned about his adventures, and indeed the former was too much engrossed with his own troubles to feel much interest in anything else.

"I had business affairs in Toronto," he said, unwillingly, "and I accompanied Miss Bertrand's party up from Murray Bay. I am going down again to-morrow."

"Come with us," said Archie, who had a dim idea that Olla and Denville rather liked each other, "and I daresay that the girls can spare time from making wedding finery to amuse you for a few days."

Denville nearly choked with jealous rage, and his dark face grew so strangely lowering that Archie was perplexed inexpressibly.

"Thank you," he answered stiffly, "but it's quite impossible."

"I feel as though I had been out of the world for years," said Archie, after a moment's silence, "and come back to find things strangely unfamiliar. You are changed, and it would hardly surprise me to find Spooner with a moustache, and Prancer with flowing locks of silver. I can fancy myself almost a modern Rip Van Winkle. Where are you staying?"

"Here," they were opposite the Rossin. "By the way, I think I'll leave for Montreal to-day. I sail for Europe next week, and there are some little matters I must see to before I leave. So I'll bid you good-bye, old fellow."

"I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred," said Archie, concernedly. "You are changed, and in a way I don't like."

"I was up all night," answered Denville, looking away from Captain Frazer's searching, kindly dark eyes, "and found the champagne rather too heady, that's all."

Twenty-four hours had made a startling change in his appearance. His dark face looked old, worn and haggard in the morning light, and his eyes were fiery and bloodshot. If Archie could only have guessed the cause!

They parted with mutual promises of writing, and in the course of a couple of hours Denville was on his way to Montreal.

As Archie passed into the reading-room, he ran against Mr. Macer, who was coming out. He apologized, and was answered in Mr. Macer's most urbane manner. As the latter walked away, whistling softly, Archie turned and stared after him.

"I could almost swear that I have seen that fellow before; but, on my life, I can't recall the time or place. Fortunately, it's not of much consequence."

Archie's time was fully occupied during his brief stay in Toronto, and as he did not see Mr. Macer again, the remembrance of him slipped completely from his memory.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BERTRAND MAKES A MISTAKE.

Cecil put her handkerchief to her eyes, and as a faint sob issued from behind its filmy folds, it was only fair to suppose that she was crying. The scene was a pretty little chintz drawing-room, in a tiny, fantastically-gabled villa beyond the Asylum, smothered earlier in the year in the milky bloom of acacias.

Archie Frazer, with a countenance in which anger, embarrassment, and a faint flicker of amusement struggled for mastery, leant over the back of a prie-Dieu and watched the golden head so prettily lighted by a stray flock of quivering sunlight, and the nymph-like grace of the slender form bending slightly, as though Cecil were overcome with poignant grief.

Archie had conscientiously endeavored, according to the advice of the old saying, "To be off with the old love before he was on with the new;" but he had just sufficient of the older sentiment lingering in his heart to make his daily increasing adoration of Androsia exquisitely painful to him. There was, too, the faint dread

that perhaps Cecil was really sincere in her affection for him, in which case he would have relentlessly trampled his own chance of happiness under foot and fulfilled his engagement to her. Fortunately, Fate and Cecil were determined that he should not be called upon to make so tremendous a sacrifice.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed Cecil, in quivering tones of intense anguish. "I didn't think you could have been so false! But it's just the way women are sure to be treated! Ma always said you didn't, didn't care for me," and Cecil's sobs grew louder.

"Will you hear reason, Cecil?" exclaimed Archie. "How could I avoid taking care of a helpless girl suddenly and cruelly orphaned, and thrown on my protection? Surely, Cecil, you are fearfully unreasonable."

"Yes, now abuse me like a savage," moaned Cecil. "I won't submit to it! Didn't you say she is the loveliest woman you ever saw? Was that because she is an orphan, sir?"

Archie looked excessively uncomfortable. He dreaded giving his pretty betrothed the faintest hint of the change in his sentiments towards her, and he felt like some crime-dyed monster, as he watched Cecil sobbing in her chintz nest. That she had ever cared particularly for him, he had not fooled himself into believing, but he had thought his own love strong, deep, wide enough to fill the chasm between them. Now he was slowly awakening to the disagreeable fact that while his love had vanished, she appeared to be very much in earnest.

"Now, Cecil," he began; but with a pathetic shake of the bright head Miss Bertrand whimpered from behind the handkerchief, through which she was quietly watching every speaking change of his dark, expressive face.

"No, don't, it's no use. You've behaved shamefully, but I mean to forgive you all the same. Go and marry your white swan, and when I'm dead or married or something, you'll be quite happy! I wouldn't marry you now, not if you were Prince Arthur, and asked me on your knees with your crown in your hands. No, I wouldn't, you great deceitful thing!"

"All this because I was obliged to take charge for a few days of a lady left as a solemn charge to my father," ejaculated Archie, in a tone of injured innocence, but nevertheless feeling horribly guilty. "Dear Cecil, think how unjust you are to—to think I could behave so badly towards you."

It was well the room was dark, or the hue of Archie's tell-tale countenance as he spoke would have betrayed him.

"My heart is broken," wailed Cecil, "and my eyes will be so red that I will be a perfect fright to-night at the Brignoll concert, and my nose swollen perhaps. But I know my duty, and I won't submit to being treated badly. You never cared for me!"

"Cecil, you know that I did!" And indeed he had.

"Now insult me because I've no one but ma and Lina to take my part, and say I tell stories, do," sobbed Cecil. "Oh, it's just what ma said I might expect."

To do Mrs. Bertrand justice, she never even hinted at such a possibility.

Had Archie still continued to care for Cecil, this scene would have driven him through twenty different moods of anger, resentment, wounded affection and so on; but feeling guiltily that she was partially right, he was very patient with her childish display of jealousy. His cheeks burned at her last words, but he came and sat down beside her, and tried to take her snow-flake of a hand in his.

"My dear girl," he said, "what has made you take this fancy into that little head of yours?"

"Let my hand go, and there, take your ring back, perhaps it'll fit your Miss Howard; and I wish I were dead! And there's Madame Frillmeout's girl coming in at the gate with my new dress, and my eyes in such a state. It's all over between us, you cruel, cruel, strong-hearted thing!" and Cecil buried her head in the great pillow of her sleepy-hollow chair, and looked like a crushed lily.

"Cecil," said Archie, in a very low tone, "look at me and say whether you are truly in earnest or not."

"I won't look at you, and I'm quite in earnest, and I wish you'd go away," returned Cecil, in a tone that left no doubt as to her intention on the subject.

Archie turned his face away for a second, and a great change passed over his face. He saw plainly that his dread of crushing Cecil's affection was quite unnecessary, and that she had seized on the most flimsy pretext for breaking off their engagement. He experienced a sudden and delicious sense of freedom, and for the first time his heart answered with a joyful bound of hope as the soul-lit face of Androsia Howard rose before him. He stood up and took his hat and gloves, and then looked down with sparkling eyes at the little figure that had truly once been very dear to him.

"Good-bye, Cecil," he said, "let us part friends."

"Oh, I've no objection," murmured Cecil, still from the pillow, and stretching out her hand, which Archie held for a moment in his. "I'm sure I'll try and get over it, and if I don't—There, go away, please, I can't keep the girl waiting, and Frillmeout is so fussy. Good-bye."

And so Archie Frazer strode out through the leafless acacias, a free man, with a happy light in his honest eyes, and a heart on which there lingered no shadow of self-reproach.

Cecil listened until the gate swung to behind his retreating form, and then bounded into the

middle of the room, where she executed an airy *pas seul* of triumph, and then darted to the mirror, supported by gilt Cupids.

"Cecil Bertrand," she soliloquised, "you're in luck, my child! He's too great a muff to go about saying I treated him badly, and Denville's safe to pop directly. The great donkey! He did really and truly think I was crying."

"Cecil," said Lina, a promising young coquette of sixteen, tripping into the room, "do you know what Kitty Duncan told me coming from school?"

"No, of course I don't, you little stupid. I don't suppose it's of much consequence, anyway."

"Yes, it is, my lady. She went to see her brother off by an early train, and they met Mr. Denville at the depot; and he said that he was to sail for Europe next week. He went away on the train with George Duncan to Montreal."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Cecil, turning deathly white, and sitting down trembling in every limb. Was this what she had discarded Archie Frazer for!

"It's true," said Lina, "and I guess, miss, you've been too clever by half this time. Oh, won't ma be jolly mad?"

"You spiteful, malicious, brown, mean thing!" cried Cecil, and forthwith went into unfeigned and perfectly audible hysterics.

Archie was for the present fully avenged. He reported himself at headquarters, received a short extension of leave, and the following morning found him, Androsia, Winona and Mike, en route for Captain Frazer's residence.

Few would have recognized in the queenly-looking creature in her sweeping robes of heavy black, the wild wood nymph who had first flashed on his sight some three short months before.

There was, if possible a more marked change in the appearance of Winona, and wherever they appeared the two girls attracted considerable attention and remark.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENTERING ON A NEW LIFE.

Mr. Macer was easily cordial with his inferiors, or at least those whom fate had placed "below the salt," at the table of life. "Noblesse oblige," was the motto of his manners, and his low, carefully modulated voice and courteous polish did not vary whether he commanded "Billy," the errand boy, to call a cab for him, or whether he entered into conversation with those who were apparently his equals. He had a kind of fancy for the study of character, he amused his cynicism with the grotesque distortions that mar the symmetry of the most perfect, and had a happy knack of discovering latent vices and impalpable shadows dulling the brilliancy of the brightest. He was one of a numerous class who believe with illimitable faith in the dominion of universal evil, but bring an overpowering force of cynicism and what they term cool, reasoning power to bear against the existence of virtue. If they discover a man whose character and virtues are of the loftiest, whose talents, guided by those bright guardians, have placed him foremost in the ranks of the great benefactors of mankind, they console themselves under the weight of evidence in his favor by shrugging their shoulders and assuming that there must needs be the skeleton of vice, though there be such a fair superstructure of seeming virtue. Alas for such cynics! Let the roses of life bloom in a perennial beauty and fragrance under their feet, for them indeed beyond all mankind—

"The trail of the serpent is over them all!"

For in faith, whether the higher Divine Faith, the special gift to the Christian, or the faith that rests secure in the virtue and love of man, is certainly the greatest happiness. Where can content be, where faith in God or man is not?

Mike's comic face and droll eyes had attracted Macer's attention on the wharf, and he whiled away an hour or two in making a study of the quaint peculiarities of the former. Mr. Murphy being of a sociable disposition was by no means loath to respond to his advances. Macer "treated" him in the bar to a sherry-cobbler that filled his soul with a mellow tide of kindness towards his new acquaintance, and loosened the strings of his nimble tongue. "Well! well!" he said, laying down the tumbler with lingering fondness, when he had drained the last drop of the golden fluid, "it's a mighty queer country this Kenady, any ways. It's mighty tough pickin' a cobbler 'ud be in ould Oireland."

Mike grinned approvingly at the empty tumbler, and Macer ordered a second, which Mr. Murphy drank with infinite gusto, watched curiously by his companion, who stroked his long jetty beard softly with his slender brown fingers.

"Cities is great places intirely," said Mike with a gentle sigh of pleasure as for the second time he set down the empty vessel; "it's not the likes of that I'd be after tastin' in the gay spot I've just shewed the back sames ov me stockins to. Dedad it isn't!"

"You've been travelling through the back settlements, I suppose," said Macer, smiling.

"Oh, begorra, not a wan!" replied Mike vivaciously, "unless ye call bullfrogs lowin' like dacent, respectable cows, and woods as tangly as a tow-wig, settlements! Not to make minshun ov muskitties that had the grip ov a bull-dog, the rapsallions. And the sight ov a strange face as rare as a four-laved clover in a peat-bog!"

"You're not fond of solitude, then," said Macer with one of his slow smiles.

"Faix I'm not," responded Mr. Murphy decidedly. "If it hadn't been that Molley McCarthy giv' me the hard word thirty years come next Michaelmas, an' I picked up wid the ould master, glory be his bed! and stuck by him ever since, by rayson ov the likin' I had for him an' his, I'd have took a short stick in me hand an' gone to Australy where the very wool ov the shape is gilded, or close upon it."

"Surely you haven't been thirty years in the backwoods of Canada?" asked Macer curiously.

"No, it'll be nineteen next summer since the ould gentleman berried his purty wife, an' took Miss Drosia, the dawning craythur, not two months old, up among them snakes an' Injuns, an' sorry he wor for that same on his death-bed, the poor ould gentleman." Mike heaved a tributary sigh to the memory of his master.

"Is he dead then?" inquired Macer filling his meerschaum carefully. He was a very epicure in his smoking, and had a scientific method based on profound knowledge of the subject, of even performing that simple operation.

"As a dure nail," said Mike with a melancholy shake of his head; "bedad he only held out long enough after them spalpeens made off wid Miss Drosia to write to Captain Frazer's father, (that's the young gentleman ye seed on the wharf this mornin') an' send him his will. Oh! it 'ud have been a light in his eyes if he'd seen Miss Drosia an' Winona back safe an' sound out ov the dirty paws ov them that took the colleen. The cowardly spalpeens!"

"Those are the young ladies above stairs, I presume?" said Macer, looking largely interested in the little family history Mike was treating him to. "May I ask how, and under what circumstances they were abducted, such an unusual occurrence at this time of the world, you know?"

Mike suddenly remembered that Archie had entreated him to preserve a strict silence as to the events of the last few months, and he felt a thrill of something like dismay as he reflected that he had been confiding everything to what he would have termed a "black stranger." To get out of the conversation as gracefully and speedily as possible was now his object. His eye fell on the clock and he started melodramatically.

"Now look at that!" he exclaimed. "Och, won't Miss Drosia be in a way! There it's goin' five, and it's meself that promised to do an arrand for her at four! Faix, I wouldn't be after vexin' the poor, lovely colleen for the wide wuruld!"

"I suppose they are proceeding to Captain Frazer's home?" said Macer strolling beside Mike to the door, a track of pale blue smoke wreathing around and behind him as he puffed at his meerschaum.

"Where else 'ud they be goin'?" said Mike a little shortly, "relations ain't as thick as pine-stumps for Miss Drosia in this country. More betoken there's raysons that she should be taken good care ov, with the sight ov money the ould Colonel had hoarded for her."

Macer saw an acquaintance in the street, and as Mike turned up the corridor, he went out into the sunlight with the intention of joining him, but paused outside the hotel door and fell into a reverie instead. His thoughts lent no expression of themselves to his imperturbable countenance, but he was so utterly lost to the outside world in their hidden labyrinth that Spooner came up and addressed him twice by his name before, with a start, he emerged from his reverie.

At present Spooner's object in this life was the attainment of a decent skill in billiards, from which art a stern fate, leagued with a relentless grandmother and the authorities at Sandhurst, had hitherto debarred him; but now he was free, grandmother and tutors were of the shadowy past, and during the pauses of his studies of the science of the warrior, he played billiards, talked billiards and dreamt billiards. His mission now was to secure Macer for a game, but Macer was not in the humor.

"My dear fellow," he said with benign patronage, while Spooner sucked his cane, and skirmished with his eye-glass, "it's very natural at your time of life to be eager in the pursuit of pleasure, flies she in the shape of billiards or beauty. Men at my years require pleasure to come to them. *Voilà tout!*"

"It's not such a deuce of a journey to the billiard-room," grumbled Spooner, trying to stare at a pretty nurse-maid through the eye-glass, and giving himself something of the appearance of a weak-minded Cyclops with a glass eye in the effort, "and you play such a jolly good game." Spooner had certainly a right to know, as his "riches made to themselves wings," and took flight with undeviating regularity towards the pockets of Macer, when the latter was his antagonist. Macer was not to be moved.

"Can't positively," he said laughing in his low, velvety tones. "Thanks though for your compliment." He went back into the hotel, and ascended to his own eyrie. He flung himself on a chair by the window, and then got up again and locked the door. The level sunlight was rolling through the curtains, and he paced up and down the golden track it made along the carpet until it faded into dusk, into deeper blackness, and then after a brief interval reappeared in a wave of spectral silver from the crescent moon, jewelling the purple vault. Be a man never so much a cynic, be his heart and his conscience alike torpid, there are moments when his eyes turn back on his soul, when something that is not of himself lays an iron hand on his mental volition, and he is compelled to "see himself." To dig the skeletons of past deeds of wickedness from the charnel

house of his memory, to follow the consequences of each evil deed with a gaze that for a moment sees and understands the widening circles of baleful influence that have emanated from each and every act that has stained his soul. To stand for the brief moment convicted before himself and the awful Unseen, the reality of whose being is for that instant of time as undisputed by his nimble cynicism as his own individuality. The mood fades and leaves no influence behind. I awake neither heart nor conscience, and is looked back upon with a smile of incredulity that ever it could have existed.

Whatever Macer's precious history might have been, it was evident that memory was busy with him to-night. He disregarded the various summonses to meals, and his footsteps echoed monotonously as he paced to and fro across the narrow limits of his apartment; his dark eyes flashing sombrely through the gloom, and his arms folded across his massive chest. The moon sank, and ghostly shadows filled the room. The night reached its black arms, bejewelled with stars, across the city, and silence fell upon the house and street. Then the dewy breath of morning stole freshly through the open window. The sun sparkled on the hoar-frost that lay like diamond dust on the streets and bare boughs of the trees. Railway whistles shrieked goblin-like, and factory bells rang clearly calling the mighty army of workers to their toil at glowing furnace or whirling lathe. Two little girls on shaggy lower Canadian ponies, cantered swiftly past for an early "constitutional," their cheeks crimson with the bracing air through which they rode.

The hotel awoke to life, and after breakfasting in Androsia's sitting-room, Archie escorted the two girls to a cab waiting at the door to convey them to the steamer. Mike was already on the box smoking sedately at a short villainously black clay pipe that was Mr. Murphy's chief treasure.

Androsia was more than usually silent. There was something in Captain Frazer's manner that puzzled and confused her beyond expression, yet that certainly did not displease her. What could be more courtly and tender than his care of her and Winona? was there word, look, or act that she could wish altered? and yet his presence this morning tied her tongue in chains of silence. What was altered, was he kinder now than he had heretofore been? That was impossible. She could only feel that there had suddenly stolen some great change over him. Winona's sombre eyes, of late full of unfathomable and infinite meaning, and a fire that smouldered ready to burst into devouring flame, took cognizance of the alteration. In the lore of the feelings this dusk browed Indian girl's soul was wise, and while Androsia only felt the change, she saw and comprehended. For the first time during their knowledge of each other, Archie saw a smile of grave pleasure on her lofty face. Regarding Androsia with a fervent and devoted tenderness, Winona seemed particularly tenacious where she was concerned, and in her grave, meditative way had made a quiet study of Captain Frazer during the time they had been thrown together. That he had loved her foster-sister from the first, she had at once divined, but there had been an air of uneasiness and constraint marking his intercourse with Androsia that had rendered her doubly watchful of him. The change that the last few hours had produced in him was simply that this constraint had disappeared from his manner. Of course neither she nor Androsia knew of his engagement to Cecil and its, to him, fortunate termination, which had left him free to look in Androsia's eyes without trembling lest she should guess his secret, free to dream that she might yet be his!

Winona stood gazing listlessly at a flight of snowy pigeons circling in the pale blue of the morning sky, while Archie placed Androsia in the cab. They flew over the hotel roof fluttering and whirling, and she turned and looked up at them with a longing, mournful gaze such as he of the olden time might have worn, when to the sounding of his harp rose up the cry, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." The gleaming wings disappeared, and letting her listless glance wander over the front of the building, she was about to turn away when her gaze became suddenly riveted on an upper window that stood open, with the curtains fluttering out and flapping on the wind.

"Come, Winona," called out Mike, in a mild roar, "don't ye persave that it's twist the Captain has spoke to ye to get into the keb."

Winona turned round, and with a hasty movement drew the heavy folds of her veil over her face.

Without touching Archie's extended hand she sprang into the cab, and as it whirled from the door she flung herself back into her corner and gave herself up to one of those dumb moods which of late distinguished her.

Archie was so fully occupied in watching the play of Androsia's features and listening to her naive remarks and exclamations of fresh delight at every object they passed on their way to the wharf, that he never once thought of Winona. Indeed, he had become so accustomed to her wayward moods that had he noticed her present silence he would not have given it a second thought.

It was Winona's own wish to assume the every day garb of the nineteenth century, and it was marvellous with what ready grace she adapted herself to her new surroundings.

In her brighter moods one could have fancied her an embodiment of Longfellow's ideal Indian maiden, the lovely Minnehaha; but in her frequent hours of gloom and abstraction, she was terrible, ominous and inexplicable. Her intense love of Androsia and the frightful perils she had risked for her, pleaded strongly in her behalf with Archie; but he could seldom look at her without remembering with a faint thrill the fire-lit vision of the terrible-eyed woman standing on Joe Harty's hearth, with the reeking scalp clutched in her extended hand.

It was an anomaly that he could not comprehend that this wild, dusky child of the woods should at once evince so decided a determination to exchange the unquestioned freedom of her former life for the restraints of civilization, and he could not help speculating curiously as to her future fate, dowered as she was with a dusky beauty that was almost marvellous.

That Androsia should at once feel at home in her new position was no matter of wonder; in her case it was simply a resumption of the habits of her people; but Winona was issuing from the dark recesses of many ages of custom and superstition, laying prostrate at her feet the traditions of her savage ancestors.

(To be continued.)

ASPIRE.

Aspire to greater things,
With heaven-exalted eye—
With steadfast tread, and bearing high,
And hope on joyful wings.
There's not a victory won below,
But points to other work undone;
And ever as Time's currents flow,
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on, with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind;
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With truthful love that shall endure.
There's not a height by man yet gained
But shows another height to win;
There's not a truth by man maintained,
But bears some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth.
Is progress, ever, from its birth;
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh! who would, tamely lingering, see
Such boundless prospects for the mind,
And, clinging to mortality,
In guilty sloth be left behind?

Aspire to better deeds!
With hope and love entwined—
Let emulation fill thy mind,
And ever haste when duty leads.
Man's holy mind, if trained aright
To such a height of good would grow;
That spirits pure and angels bright
Might mingle with us here below.

NUTS WITHOUT KERNELS.

"This is the third empty one I have cracked; it is really too bad," said Mrs. Constant, across the table to her husband.

"Types of humanity," said Mr. Constant. "I shall lecture Brown and Bright well," said Mrs. Constant, cracking a fourth and a fifth, and throwing down her nut-cracker in great disgust.

"And they will look astonished, though they probably knew they were selling empty shells, and will tell you they are more grieved than they can express—that they will make complaints to their factors—in short, that the whole business of the firm shall be suspended till you are informed how it came about that they were so unhappy as to be imposed upon, and were so exceedingly more unhappy as to have imposed upon you!" said Mr. Constant.

"Why, what an opinion you have of them!" said his wife; "I don't call them dishonest."

"Simply shells without kernels," said Mr. Constant.

Mrs. Constant was provoked about her nuts, and not at all reconciled to her disappointment by her husband's remarks. She was not of a figurative turn of mind, and saw no likeness between her grocers and their nuts.

"I shall call to-morrow," she said, gathering the defective and condemned nuts into a bag.

"Maria," said Mr. Constant, "sometimes I consider you as a nut without a kernel."

"You are always talking some nonsense, Mr. Constant," said the lady.

"Maria," said Mr. Constant, as she was leaving the room, "the next time I detect you in one of your practical glosses, I shall call you an 'empty shell!'"

Mrs. Constant didn't wait to hear the threat; she was on her way to her store-room to deposit her bag.

But she returned hastily. "Can anything be more vexatious?" she exclaimed. "Such a party coming up the walk. I saw them through the hall window, and I had dinner early on purpose that I might see the trimming put on my dress by daylight!"

"Why didn't you do that this morning?" asked Mr. Constant.

"How could I when the skirt was not finished?" she replied, peevishly.

"Let us hope they also have dresses to trim, and then they will be in as great a hurry to go as you will be to get rid of them," said he. Then, taking a glance through the muslin curtain, he added, "One, two, three, four!—absolutely four, Maria! It is—yes, dear, it is Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Treddles, and Miss Rosemary."

"Then they will never go!" exclaimed the poor lady, throwing herself despairingly into a chair; "I wish—I wish I had told Thomas to say I was particularly engaged."

But it was too late; a loud knock, a door closed, and talking in the hall, announced the fatal fact that the invaders were safe in the drawing-room, even before Thomas solemnly delivered himself of their names to his disconcerted mistress.

"They are thorough bores—always bores—but to come to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Constant, almost crying.

"Mr. Treddles is there; I will go and entertain them till you recover your spirits," said her husband, departing on his errand.

When Mrs. Constant made her appearance a few minutes after, it was with an urbane smile and a cordial welcome: "It was so kind of Mrs. Treddles to call, for she knew she was in her debt!"

Mrs. Treddles looked amiably satisfied that she had performed a good action, and immediately began a little run of small talk—telling Mrs. Constant town news which she knew already, and desiring her opinion on various matters in which she was not interested; but Mrs. Constant received the news, and gave her opinion with a gusto that succeeded in convincing Mrs. Treddles she was affording her a world of pleasure. Mr. Treddles being quite deaf, and Mr. Constant not understanding finger, talking, he had set him down to the inspection of some beautiful photographs of foreign buildings, and then betaken himself to Miss Rosemary, for it was a principle with him always to talk to the governess, if he had a chance, having a right to expect from her the most sense, information and amiability of the party. Miss Treddles was occupied in prompting her mamma, lest anything should be forgotten that ought to be said.

Every now and then Mr. Constant cast a look towards his victimised wife, and although Mrs. and Miss Treddles were happily deceived, he detected the irritation and despair that lurked under the pained, forced smile and restless eye. "Her heart is on a frounce or a puffing," he thought to himself.

"Mamma, it is surely near Mrs. Constant's dinner hour," said Miss Treddles at length.

"How thankful she will be," thought Mr. Constant.

"Oh, pray do not hurry; Mr. Treddles has not finished his book," said Mrs. Constant, with a voice and look as bland as she could command.

Upon which Miss Treddles began to make signs to him to make haste, but he merely smiled and nodded and looked back on his book. Whereupon Mrs. Treddles bethought her of a new theme of discourse as lively as the last, and Miss Treddles prompted with renewed vigor. All her little ones had had measles; all that they had done and suffered, what they had said, how they had looked, were all faithfully related.

"But we are tiring Mrs. Constant, love," said Mrs. Treddles at last; "and we shall be late for Miss Rosemary's duties. Do make your papa understand we must go."

Mrs. Constant would not for the world interfere with Miss Rosemary and duty; but as to being tired, she never grew tired of hearing about children—little dears.

So Mr. Treddles shut the book, looking sorry to leave it, and Miss Rosemary finished her agreeable talk, wishing she more frequently met with such company; and Mrs. and Miss Treddles spent the last minute in imploring Mrs. Constant to call soon, which that lady, relieved by the prospect of deliverance, promised to do with an alacrity and warmth that might have led them to expect her immediately after breakfast the very next morning.

"Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Constant, as his wife was hurrying up-stairs.

"Oh, pray don't stop me!" she replied.

"Only, dear, remember when you scold Brown and Bright, that they are not the only folks that sport empty shells," he said.

"Would you have had me tell them what I really felt?" she answered, as she went on her way. "How can you be so absurd?"

Notwithstanding the invasion of the Treddles family, the dress was finished in time for Mrs. Constant to wear it that very evening at a lecture given by Dr. Gong to a select party of friends.

"I wonder, Mr. Constant, what made you accept this invitation," said the lady, as she stood shivering in her company dress, waiting for the carriage. "Of all things, I hate lectures; and of all lecturers, I hate Dr. Gong. We shall have a delectable evening—and such a subject, too! 'Memory.' What do I want to know about memory? I never forget anything that I want to remember."

Mr. Constant shrugged up his shoulders: he was sorry; he would even now go alone, and take an apology from his wife, that she was not disposed to go out.

"Yes, very likely; and set Mrs. Gong's tongue going about my ineivility all over the town," she replied.

"If you get very sleepy, I will give you a pinch of snuff," said Mr. Constant, as they got into the carriage.

"Whatever you do, don't seat me by Mrs. Treddles—they will be there—nor within half-a-dozen paces of Miss Blaze. I cannot endure her rhodomontade any more than the tittle-tattle of the other."

"You shall choose your own seat, if I can enable you to do it," said Mr. Constant, and they drove off.

The lecture-room was nearly full when they

arrived; but Mrs. Gong was in a small reception-room, into which the guests were ushered as they came where Dr. Gong was taking coffee.

"Fortifying yourself, sir?" said Mr. Constant, going up to him. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble for us."

"Oh, so very kind, and such an interesting subject," said Mrs. Constant.

Mrs. Constant looked at her.

"Dr. Gong is so unfortunately popular as a lecturer, that I am afraid he will never give up the calling while he was a voice," said Mrs. Gong, a little pompously.

"We owe our talents, however poor and small, to the public, my dear," said Dr. Gong, still more pompously.

"Do you think," said Mr. Constant, very glad of the cup of coffee which Mrs. Gong had presented to him, "that your audience will be able to enter into your subject, so as to enjoy as well as profit by it?"

"Some; some not," said Dr. Gong. "You know I can furnish information, but not intellect."

"This subject is quite Dr. Gong's forte," remarked Mrs. Gong, impressively. Mr. Constant took out his pocket-book and made a memorandum. The doctor and his lady supposed it to be of the sentiment he had uttered, but it was merely to the purport of his having found another empty shell, "for here," thought, "is a man who professes to spend himself in doing good to the public, and chooses a subject which he believes they won't understand, purely because it is one in which he thinks he shines as a lecturer."

Happily Mrs. Constant escaped Miss Blaze and Mrs. Treddles; they were both far off her seat; but young Mr. Gong was at her elbow, and not a single yawn could she solace herself with behind her handkerchief, he was so pertinacious in commenting in a whisper upon all his uncle's remarks.

Wherefore, whenever Mr. Constant looked round at her, he found her staring vehemently, or frowning very wisely, or smiling with all the animation she could muster, at the dull witticisms with which the lecturer interlarded his lecture.

At last it was over, and some who had been in a shady place and enjoyed a sound nap, looked very lively, but with rather a frightened expression as they joined in the plaudits of the company. Others, who had merely nodded occasionally, and had neither been blest with the sweets of sleep nor the merits of wakefulness, looked doubtfully towards Mrs. Gong's seat to discover if she had watched them; but all, from the best to the worst-behaved, were thankful it was over, and very sincerely applauded the doctor for leaving off, if for nothing else.

"I wish you had come earlier, dear," said Miss Blaze to Mrs. Constant; "I kept a seat for you a long time, but was obliged to give it up."

"Thank you a thousand times," said Mrs. Constant.

The vehement nods of the Treddles family, and looks of regret that they had not approximated with her, were truly affecting, as were hers in return.

"I'm sure we can never thank Dr. Gong enough," said Mrs. Constant, as they were taking leave, "can we, dear?" and she appealed to her husband, who was writing in his note-book.

"Oh, I have such a headache! Now, Mr. Constant, I do beg you will never expose me to such a trial again," said the lady as they drove home.

"Why didn't you go to sleep, as many did who were as energetic as you were in saying how they had enjoyed the evening, with considerably more truth than you, my dear?"

"Sleep! I should have been thankful; but how could I with that odious boy at my elbow, buzzing all sorts of stuff into my ears, as if his uncle wasn't torment enough?" said Mrs. Constant.

"Why, Maria, you told Mrs. Gong you were quite charmed with his attentions, he threw such a light upon the lecture!" said her husband.

"Did I? I don't know what I said. He wouldn't give me a moment's peace, I know that."

"Shells without kernels," said Mr. Constant.

"How you talk! Am I worse than other people?" asked his wife, impatiently.

"Not at all, I am afraid. When I looked round on that audience, and saw how many were pretending to understand and didn't, how many to be amused and weren't, how all wished to be considered wide awake and half were asleep, I said to myself, 'Here is a bag of empty nuts!'"

"I'm sure I'm not more insincere than Mrs. Treddles and Miss Blaze," said the lady; "they neither of them cared a pin for it; and how they flattered and praised the doctor to Mrs. Gong!"

"And how they pretended to love you, when you know they care no more for you than they did for the lecture."

"Yes, I believe it. What a world it is!" said Mrs. Constant, quite shocked at the picture thus presented.

"A bag of empty nuts," said Mr. Constant.

"Well, I'm sure people would save themselves much trouble if they would be sincere," said his wife.

"Certainly. When Mrs. Treddles told her daughter they must call here to-day, Miss Treddles said, 'Oh, mamma don't; Mrs. Constant always keeps us such a time, and she owes us a call; pray don't go.' And when Mrs. Treddles said, 'It's kind my dear; it's a great sacrifice of time now the little ones are poorly, but I know she gets huffed if she's neglected, and one must keep up acquaintance,' she was as much on the fidgets to go as you were to get rid of her, and no

doubt the first thing she said when she got out of the door was, 'Thank goodness! that's over; I thought we should never escape.' Then, again, Dr. Gong likes to hear himself talk; so he gives a lecture, and professes pure philanthropy in doing it, and the company invited overload him with thanks and praise till their backs are turned, when they do as you have done."

"But if one always said exactly what one thought?" said Mrs. Constant.

"To suppress what we think is kind sometimes; to tell all would be equally unnecessary and unkind; but the evil is in saying what we don't think. There is no necessity for that at any time, and if a little more regard were had to truth, I am sure much discomfort would be saved."

"But could I tell Mrs. Treddles not to call again, and show her the door when she did; and could I say to Dr. Gong, 'You are tiresome and droning to the last degree, and never ask me to listen to you again;' and to his nephew, 'You miserable boy, you have given me a headache?'" inquired the lady.

"Certainly not," said her husband; "but you need not make complimentary speeches that you don't mean, nor profess feelings that you don't entertain. Whenever you do, you are as bad as Bright and Brown's nuts without kernels."

BURIED YEARS.

Sing me the golden past: its noon-tides' splendor,
Sweet summer walks, soft partings 'neath the stars;
But waken Memory's soul with music tender,
And gently free Love from Grief's prison-bars;
For pensive musings but renew my pain,
And buried years can ne'er come back again!

Sosing me days o'er which hope's rainbow bending
Cheer hearts at present fainting 'neath their cares,
And strike me joyous chords, their burden blending
With longings which will break forth unawares,
March showers bring autumn crowned with precious grain,
And buried years may yet come back again!

But yesternoon,--nay, do not look! I'm blushing!--
One entered, and my sadness changed to bliss;
Against his heart my maiden shyness crushing,
He whispered, with the well-remembered kiss,
'Tears have but ripened hopes, like spring's soft rain,
'And buried years will now come back again!'

—Cassell's Magazine.

THE GENEROUS MONEY-LENDER!

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

The unfortunate individual in humble circumstances who has no relative or private friend wealthy and willing enough to advance him the wherewithal to overcome his temporary pecuniary embarrassments, need not look far afield before he may discover signal lights of succor. It would really seem like an encouragement to thriftlessness, the abundance of cheerful beckonings from persons of means, who are above all such paltry considerations as interest for their vested capital, and who are at the expense of keeping offices and clerks, and advertising in the most expensive of newspapers with the sole and single aim of assisting their downcast fellow-creatures. It is a satisfactory sign of the advancing philanthropy of the age that these benevolent lenders are increasing rather than diminishing in number—satisfactory both as bespeaking that the spirit of simple confidence of man in the integrity of his fellow keeps pace with the progress of civilisation, and that instances of abuse of the said confidence are rare. Of course it is not to be expected that all who are blessed with wealth can afford to give it away. It may be all very well for such splendid fellows as "A. Z." and "R. B. D.," and one or two others who take a delight in occasionally astounding needy asylums of charity whose directors are at their wits' ends how to meet the current expenses of their establishment, with an anonymous gift of a thousand pounds, included in a brief note to the effect that the donation may be acknowledged in the second column of the *Times*. One may picture the awful amazement of the corresponding secretary of some struggling home for cripples or asylum for sick children, almost on its last legs for want of funds, on receipt of such a startling enclosure. There are letters enough every day to open: business letters, letters from candidates for admission, letters in polite intimation of big accounts overdue, and letters with small post-office orders and with postage stamps sent in answer to the last pathetic appeal to the public for help. Then turns up out of the heap a letter that is registered, and the secretary in doubt and fear breaks the seal. Some folks are so careful of their donations, that if they send five shillings they take the precaution of registering it; but it is more commonly done when the enclosure is a bank note. Perhaps this is a bank-note for five, ten, maybe twenty pounds! Such plums as the last-mentioned are by no means common, but they have been known to find their way into the asylum's letter-basket. And then the letter is opened, and there appears the cheque, and the bewildering words "Pay to A. B., secretary of the Neglected Babies' Home, the sum of One Thousand Pounds." It would be worth double the money to noble-hearted "A. Z." could he see

that secretary's face as he reads and re-reads the miraculous scrap of paper. He folds it up, and takes a turn up and down the office, with it held tight in his fist, and then carries it to the window and opens it again—as people do, who, in dreams, pick up purses stuffed with bank-notes and diamonds, slowly and with bated breath, and thinking that despite that first peep surely it must be a delusion. No! it's all right. "One thousand pounds" are the words, plain and unmistakeable. Acknowledge it in the *Times*! Why, if he were permitted to do so, the grateful secretary would sit down there and then, and in the thankfulness of his heart pen an acknowledgment that would fill a couple of columns at least, exclusive of the double row of signatures of the helpless little ones whom the money of happy "A. Z." had made glad.

But, as before mentioned, we cannot be all "A. Z.'s," and the best that we can do is to be charitable according to our means. Such, according to their own showing, are the amiable men of money who advertise their willingness to assist their fellow-mortals in distress. They are even at the pains to invent ingenious "catch-lines" to head their advertisements, each one trying to outvie his fellow-philanthropists in this respect, in order that he may gather to himself the greater number of subjects for the exercise of his sovereign healing. Every morning, all the year round, do these charitable ones call aloud from the newspapers; and there are so many of them all of a row, that if each had sounding voice instead of a typographed one, there would ensue a din that there would be no such thing as paying proper attention to the police reports or the parliamentary debates. "MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!" one calls out in letters so large and distinct that they seem almost to chink like sovereigns in the pocket. "To all in want of money, apply immediately at the Houndsditch Financial Discount Office. Interest, five per cent. per annum. Payable by instalments to suit the convenience of the borrower." And the next: "TO THE EMBARRASSED. If you wish to obtain a loan of from five to five hundred pounds, all that you have to do is to cut out this advertisement and send it to our office, stating sum required, etc., and four stamps for reply." Why four stamps? Why? He must indeed be a stupid person who cannot divine the reason at a glance. Does not the registration of a letter cost just fourpence? and would it be safe to send a money enclosure, especially to a stranger, without taking some precaution? All that you have to do is to state the amount of money you require, "etc.," and you may rely on a crisp little parcel of bank-notes by return of post. To be sure it is somewhat difficult to define the requirements of that brief "*et cetera*," but for that matter one's necessities must be pressing indeed if he cannot wait the space of two posts for the wherewithal to relieve him of his anxieties; and there can be no doubt that the obliging clerk of the office will be but too happy, on receipt of an extra stamp, to enlighten him as to what "*etc.*" in loan-office parlance means.

It can scarcely be that the philanthropist who so frankly appeals to "the Embarrassed" intends by his indefinite promise to subject those who apply to him to the trouble and inconvenience of looking up anything in the shape of tangible security he may happen to be possessed of, and which the lender might like to hold, or that he will be expected to procure a signed bond for the amount from two or more substantial householders. It cannot possibly be so, or the "Friend to the Embarrassed" would do no business at all. The good Samaritan who figures next on the list would cut him out as neatly as ever an intending borrower cut out the advertisement as invited to. Here is proposition number four copied just as it stands in the newspaper. This is an explicit announcement if you like. There can be no concealed meaning here. No doubtful phrase that can make a borrower half resolved still further hesitate. "DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY? If so, apply at once to Mr. —, at the office, Kingsland. Any amount under fifty pounds granted next day, after application, on borrower's own note of hand. Repayments may be made monthly, quarterly, anyhow that is suitable to our clients, and by post-office order to save the trouble of attending at the office. No inquiry! No office fees! No security required!"

In the name of all that is generous, what can a man who wishes his fellow-creatures to enjoy a little of that which he has in such superabundance say more to induce the needy to apply at the office in Kingsland?—an office, bear in mind, that the advertiser himself provides without fee or reward; for he particularly mentions that though you are welcome to its use you are not called on to pay as much as a penny towards gas, coal, or clerk's wages. As for inquiry fees, he is scarcely the man to impose them, since his nature is so confiding that he never makes inquiry at all. He prefers not to make inquiry; if he did so he might have his eyes opened to the fact that there are in this wicked world a certain class of persons so utterly heartless and depraved as to design to abuse the child-like trust of a loan-office keeper. If there is a plan to cheat him, he would rather be in ignorance of it, even until after the base purpose is consummated, so that he may enjoy the sweet consolation of reflecting that possibly the borrower meant well, but that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from acting up to the terms of the agreement. Anything, anything, rather than that the loan-office keeper should be rudely shocked to wide-awakeness as regards the world's iniquity, and should feel compelled, however regretfully, to give up business altogether, or do violence to his

nature by making inquiries as to the solvency of those who seek his aid.

Another kind of public benefactor who proclaims his disinterested desire to benefit his species, is a person who, having money to lend, is by no means disposed to be confounded with professional financial Samaritans. This person heads his advertisement in an amateurish, unbusiness-like manner, that one would think would expose him to the machinations of those unscrupulous ones who are perpetually roaming about seeking what in the shape of guilelessness they may devour:—

"A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, with a few thousands at his command, is desirous of negotiating loans of small amounts,—say from five pounds to twenty-five,—with persons of integrity who are temporarily embarrassed. Tradesmen, clerks, and others must be prepared to furnish credentials as to their respectability, as the system of inquiry adopted by the principals of ordinary loan-offices is dispensed with. The gentleman has no connection with professional money-lenders, and makes the offer as a *bond fide* boon to the public, on a New and Improved System, whereby all respectable persons can have immediate cash accommodation. The rate at present charged, and until the alteration is publicly announced will so remain, is five per cent. Prospectus free. No office fees. No preliminary charge of any kind."

And yet poor folks talk about the difficulty, they at times experience in tiding over their temporary troubles, and of how hard they find it to make both ends meet. Likewise they are not unfrequently heard to grumble about the proneness of the rich to grind and oppress their brethren in distress, and of the monstrous difference there is in the rate of interest exacted from the humble compared to that which is cheerfully accepted from the well-to-do. Why, here is an individual who expresses his willingness to lose by every monetary transaction he engages in. With the Bank rate at seven per cent, he comes forward, with his cheque book in his hand, and invites "all respectable persons" to come and borrow of him at five per cent. All that an unfortunate tradesman has to do is to look up a few evidences of his respectability,—a copy of the registration of his legitimate birth, a duplicate of his marriage certificate, and any old receipts for the payment of pew-rents or income-tax he may happen to have by him. These, it may be presumed, will suffice,—these and the tradesman's note of hand, to the effect that, as soon as it may be convenient, he will refund the amount of the loan advanced, and the Private Gentleman will forward the money at once.

The most wonderful part of the business is that despite the vast number of "embarrassed ones" who must be constantly on the look-out for a friendly-disposed person, such as the "Private Gentleman," and the certainty that thousands must ere this have found him out and profited by his munificence, he has not tired of his good-natured task. He still advertises in the newspapers,—nay, it is a fact, that whereas a year since he modestly confined himself to one or two of the cheap and popular "weeklies," he now appears every morning of the week and every week of the year in the dailies as well. Surely he must be ruining himself,—unless, indeed, his business is like that of the Cheap Jack, who lost by every separate article he sold, and whose only hope of his making any profit lay in the enormous extent of his dealings. Either this, or the majority of the "respectable public" to whom he so candidly appeals, must have discovered that the Private Gentleman is an arrant humbug, the most objectionable humbug of the whole loan-office fraternity, who as a rule, are merely wolves in sheep's clothing, while Mr. "Private Gentleman" appears as a lamb—innocent and tender, and with a blue riband round his neck. His great card is this affectation of simplicity, and he deliberately lays himself out as a noodle, who has money and don't know what to do with it. This answers a double purpose. He catches the timid borrower,—the really respectable, bashful, poor fellow, who never in his life borrowed money before, and who would sooner die almost than reveal his temporary destitution to his friends. This is the individual who is shy of the ordinary loan-office. He has heard that there is a bond of brotherhood amongst the whole gang of loan-office harpies, and that the ledgers of each are open for inspection for the mutual protection of all. This being so, it is possible, despite all he may be able to do to the contrary, that his secret may leak out and become known. But the Private Gentleman who fearlessly tells the company of loan-mongers that he has not, nor desires, any connection with them; that he eschews their method of business altogether, and has one of his own that better agrees with his conscience,—there can be no harm in applying to such a one. No one need ever know it. As the advertisement says, the utmost secrecy will be observed, and repayments may be made by post-office order. This is the sort of customer the Private Gentleman prefers to any other, as affording fatter and more tender picking. But he relies as well for a goodly share of his profits on the many who come to bite, and find themselves bitten,—on persons of the Micawber breed, who, in order that the steed may not starve while the grass is "turning up," will borrow at every available opportunity,—men who have dabbled in "loans" obtained at the regular offices until their names are no longer good for anything at those establishments. True, there is not very much got by bagging this kind of game, but with the Private Gentleman it is merely a question of powder and shot expended

in bringing such birds down, compared with the value of their carcasses. He lures them to him, these old birds, and they come to his call meek as pigeons. It must be an instructive spectacle to witness a passage of business between the two,—the Private Gentleman protesting against the abominable ways of the vulgar professional loan-negotiator, and the other agreeing with every word, and asserting that he never could have been induced to apply for assistance to such a ravenous horde, and that it was only because of his implicit faith in the Private Gentleman, &c., &c. But the Private Gentleman gains something by the interview. The wolfe peeps out of the lamb-like eyes, and discovers in the applicant a fellow-creature of prey, though of meaner capacity than himself, and from that moment there is as much hope of his obtaining a loan from the Private Gentleman, as of that individual turning honest. Still, the latter cannot have his time wasted completely. "Oh, yes, he has no doubt that what is desired may be done. He cannot say off-hand, of course, He must submit the proposition to his lawyer, without whose advice he never acts, and his lawyer's fee is ten shillings—a mere trifle only, in fact nineship in the pound, but it must be paid in advance. It is not for the Private Gentleman's benefit. He is prepared to act strictly in accordance with the terms of his advertisements, and to charge not one farthing for his personal expenses or for inquiry, but these legal men, my dear sir—"

And twice out of three times the would-be borrower, wide awake and experienced as he is, is taken off his guard by this eccentric and decidedly un-loan-office-like way of doing business, and parts with the ten shillings, and there is an end to the transaction.

But it is the *bond fide* willing-to-pay borrower who is best worth fishing for. The loan-office shark has invented a beautiful and perfect system of late years. So safe! There is not a loan-office in London and for twelve miles round that is not perfectly well acquainted with the transactions of every other similar establishment. Every night of his life the Private Gentleman doubtless receives from the other offices a list of all applicants on the preceding day, together with the results of enquiry into their past lives and future prospects. Were it not for this, the same individual, the borrower and his surety or sureties, might make successful application at every establishment in the metropolis, and so do an immense stroke of swindling business. He must be, however, an extremely clever person who can "raise the wind" at anyone's expense but his own, if he ventures to take the owners of a loan-office in hand as his bellows for the purpose. He is a very lucky person if, having meddled with the limed twigs that the rapacious villains hold out so temptingly, his wings are not so utterly crippled and clogged as to be useless for free flight for many a year afterwards. The newspapers have of late revealed many instances of the heartless behavior of money-lenders towards their victims, but where one of the latter find courage enough to go to a magistrate and explain the wrong they have endured, there are fifty who are so completely crushed and ruined, alike in spirit and worldly estate, that they sink and are passed over and heard of no more. It is appalling the amount of mischief these petty loan-office people work. It is a fact within the writer's knowledge that there is a broker and auctioneer in only one district, a district at the east of London, who is kept constantly going, and has as much as he can do to sell by auction at his "rooms" the seizure made on bills of sale, and which are provided him by only three loan-offices. The "bill of sale" is the weapon that the modern lender of small sums at an interest of from forty to seventy per cent. wields with such deadly effect. It did not use to be so. If a loan-office borrower failed in the payment of the agreed-on instalments, his creditor sought no other remedy than the county court, but it is different now. The security insisted on is much more substantial than a promissory note with two or three names appended; the money-lender will have, by hook or by crook, or by both—for his daring in this respect is very remarkable — a document that shall enable him, in the event of the terms of the contract being in the least disregarded, to swoop down on the household goods of the defaulter, and cart them away without a moment's notice; and right and left the whole tribe of extortionists are making hay until such time as the sun of knowledge shines and disperses the haze of ignorance that at present envelops the minds of men of humble station as to what a terrible scourge in the hands of an inexorable enemy a bill of sale is. The amount of ignorance prevailing on this subject is astonishing. It may be safely said that in no one case brought before a police court as it been shown that the victim was aware of the power that the loan-office proprietor held over him. In the majority of cases, by some sort of sleight of hand and bamboozling, the borrower and his unlucky surety have been induced to sign a document improperly filled in; and, incredible as it may appear, in four cases out of five, what the dupe signs is merely a blank stamped paper. It has been said so many times that it is scarcely worth while repeating here, that men who do such rash things are unworthy the sympathy and condolence of men of sense; at the same time it should not be forgotten that it comes fairly within the functions of the law to protect fools from the machinations of rogues. It is common for a magistrate to remark to a poor fellow who comes to him to declare that the loan-office vultures have pounced on his house and cleaned it out,

from attic to kitchen, that if he has been guilty of the monstrous absurdity of allowing another man to rob him with his eyes open he must bear the consequences; but it may be said that the victim does not so commit himself with his eyes open. A man's faculties are not generally at their keenest and coolest at the moment when he is about to receive the amount he has experienced so much difficulty in borrowing, and for the use of which his dire necessity makes him in such red-hot haste; and then again, it should be borne in mind, that loan-offices as a rule are little dingy, ill-lighted dens, and when a borrower is requested; "just to pop his name down here—for the mere form of the thing," he has no reason to assume that he is dealing with rogues and rascals. And, after all, a man who attaches his signature to a paper he has not first carefully perused, or one that is folded over so that part is invisible, is certainly no greater simpleton than the one who is led by a skittle-sharper to stake all his money, and then to go and pawn his watch to raise more with the certainty of losing it; but although the magistrate is apt to tell a greenhorn of this class that he has no pity for him, he sentences the skittle-sharper to a few months at the treadmill. It makes no difference what are the implements of "hocus-pocus" used; a rogue will naturally apply himself to such tools as he can exercise with most dexterity, and it seems quite clear that the man who by conjuration, peculiar to the line of business he has adopted, makes it appear that another man has signed away goods of the value of thirty pounds, when at the time of signing he was led to believe that he was pledging himself only to ten or fifteen pounds, is as crafty a swindler as he who inveigles you to trust him to take a short walk away from you with your purse in his possession, as a test of your faith in his honesty, and who walks off with it altogether.

It is quite time the law stepped in to enforce the better regulation of petty loan-offices. It interferes with sufficient stringency as regards other of the poor man's facilities for borrowing. No one may carry on a pawnbroker's business without first obtaining a licence, and giving very substantial guarantee for his respectability. He is not at liberty to make the best terms he can with his client. He may do business on only one system, and according to certain rules fixed by the legislature. What is sufficient interest for the capital he invests in the pawning department is arranged for him, and he must abide by the said arrangement or suffer the consequences. Should he overcharge so little as a penny on a pledge, the aggrieved may rely on having prompt justice at the nearest police court. He is debarred the exercise of his free will to be honest, and is compelled to be so by Act of Parliament. The petty loan-monger, however, is hampered by no such restrictions. He may charge what interest he pleases, and make his own terms as to repayment. For a loan of ten pounds it is his common practice to obtain as security, in addition to a note of hand, a bill of sale for at least twenty-five, that not only the amount still unpaid of the advanced money, but also the "attendant expenses" may be covered; and attendant expenses means just anything that the rapacious creditor may please to name. Besides, it is impossible to hold a more potent screw over a poor fellow than authority to break up and destroy his home. The old law that enabled a creditor to lay hands on a small debtor and carry him away to prison was stigmatised as barbarous, and repealed accordingly, but to wreck and desolate his home is even more cruel. At all events, and although a prisoner, he was only so until such time as his family could raise money for his ransom, and with his ransom his domestic affairs resumed their peaceful and comfortable course; but the breaking-up of a home is very often irrevocable. In the first place there is the enormous loss the debtor sustains by the sale of his goods by auction. Such sales are invariably "without reserve," and any one at all conversant with the subject is aware of what that means. Nothing more or less than the banding together of half-a-dozen unprincipled brokers, who take care not to bid against the one who is deputed to secure at his own price every lot that is put up, the whole gang dividing the spoil afterwards. By means of this arrangement it is not at all uncommon for house furniture, worth say forty pounds, to realise not more than seven or eight pounds; and if the auctioneer is "in the swim," of course the matter is much simplified. There can be no doubt that the misery arising from this source is wide-spread and increasing. As already has been mentioned in this paper, the patronage of three loan-offices is enough to occupy the time and attention of one auctioneer who has extensive warehouse room. The ordinary rate of business at this last-mentioned establishment is four hundred "lots" per week. This from three loan-offices! It may be safely assumed that in and about London there are at least a hundred of these petty money-mongers; and if they are all equally active with the bill-of-sale dodge, it requires but an easy exercise of calculation to discover the amount of domestic devastation worked by them every week of their lives.

Texas law requires that all persons under fifteen shall attend school a certain portion of the time. A married lady in Houston, who has not yet reached the age that would entitle her to exemption, attends school regularly, and carries her baby with her.

Thalberg's body has been embalmed for his widow.

FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.

BY E. B.

Far overhead
An amber heaven fades to faintest gray;
Sky stoops to sea, sea rises gray to sky,
Wave rolls on wave, for ever, sigh on sigh—
The death of day.

II.

Art thou too dead?
The sea that rolls between, is that death's sea?
May no hands touch, no solemn echo fall,
None answering cry if one to other call,
From land or sea?

III.

Canst thou forget?
Wandering for ever on some unknown shore,
Living or dead, oblivious or most blest—
Perchance thy feet at last have found a rest
For evermore?

IV.

Living or dead,
Star-eyed and pale thy face seems ever near:
Remembering, Love, in life one hour, one day,
Call once from out the dark, then turn away—
One heart may hear.

V.

Hast thou not heard
Passionate moan of waves that break in tears,
Break on, and die, and still may not forget
The infinite perfection of regret—
These weary years?

COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY REGINALD WYNFORD.

The love for country life is, if possible, stronger in England now than at any previous period in her history. There is no other country where this taste has prevailed to the same extent. It arose originally from causes mainly political. In France a similar condition of things existed down to the sixteenth century, and was mainly brought to an end by the policy of ministers, who dreaded the increasing power of petty princes in remote provinces becoming in combination formidable to the central power. It was specially the object of Richelieu and Mazarin to check this sort of baronial *impertium in imperio*, and it became in the time of Louis XIV. the keystone of that monarch's domestic policy. This tended to encourage the "hanging on" of *grands seigneurs* about the court, where many of the chief of them, after having exhausted their resources in gambling or riotous living, became dependent for place or pension on the Crown, and were in fact the creatures of the king and his minister. Of course this did not apply to all. Here and there in the broad area of France were to be found magnificent châteaux—a few of which, especially in Central France, still survive—where the marquis or count reigned over his people an almost absolute monarch.

There is a passage in one of Horace Walpole's letters in which that virtuoso expresses his regret, after a visit to the ancestral "hotels" of Paris, whose contents had afforded him such intense gratification, that the nobility of England, like that of France, had not concentrated their treasures of art, etc., in London houses. Had he lived a few years longer he would probably have altered his views, which were such as his sagacious and manly father, who dearly loved his Norfolk home, Houghton, would never have held.

In England, from the time that anything like social life, as we understand the phrase, became known, the power of the Crown was so well established that no necessity for resorting to a policy such as Richelieu's for diminishing the influence of the noblesse existed.

In fact, a course distinctly the reverse came to be adopted from the time of Elizabeth down to even a later period than the reign of Charles II.

In the reign of Elizabeth an act was passed, which is to this hour probably on the statute-book, restricting building in or near the metropolis. James I. appears to have been in a chronic panic on this subject, and never lost an opportunity of dilating upon it. In one of his proclamations he refers to those swarms of gentry, "who, through the instigation of their wives, or to new model and fashion their daughters—who, if they were unmarried, married their reputations, and if married, lost them—did neglect their country hospitality and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom." He desired the "Star Chamber" to regulate the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, laqueys and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians; but the honor of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants.

"Gentlemen resident on their estates," said he, very sensibly, "were like ships in port: their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated."

Charles I., with characteristic arbitrariness, carried matters with a still higher hand. His Star Chamber caused buildings to be actually razed, and fined truants heavily. One case which is reported displays the grim and costly humor of the illegal tribunal which dealt with

such cases. Poor Mr. Palmer, of Sussex, a gay bachelor, being called upon to show cause why he had been residing in London, pleaded in extenuation that he had no house, his mansion having been destroyed by fire two years before. This, however, was held rather an aggravation of the offence, inasmuch as he had failed to rebuild it; and Mr. Palmer paid a penalty of one thousand pounds—equivalent to at least twenty thousand dollars now.

A document which especially serves to show the manner of life of the ancient noblesse is the Earl of Northumberland's "Household Book" in the early part of the sixteenth century. By this we see the great magnificence of the old nobility, who, seated in their castles, lived in a state of splendor scarcely inferior to that of the court. As the king had his privy council, so the earl of Northumberland had his council, composed of his principal officers, by whose advice and assistance he established his code of economic laws. As the king had his lords and grooms of the chamber, who waited in their respective turns, so the earl was attended by the constables of his several castles, who entered into waiting in regular succession. Among other instances of magnificence it may be remarked that not fewer than eleven priests were kept in the household, presided over by a doctor or bachelor of divinity as dean of the chapel.

An account of how the earl of Worcester lived at Ragland Castle before the civil wars which began in 1641 also exhibits his manner of life in great detail: "At eleven o'clock the Castle Gates were shut and the tables laid: two in the dining-room; three in the hall; one in Mrs. Watson's apartment, where the chaplains eat; two in the housekeeper's room for my lady's women. The Earl came into the dining-room attended by his gentlemen. As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward of the House, retired. The Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his staff; as did the Sewer, Mr. Blackburn, and the daily waiters with many gentlemen's sons, from two to seven hundred pounds a year, bred up in the Castle; my lady's Gentlemen Usher, Mr. Harcourt; my lord's Gentlemen of the Chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox.

"At the first table sat the noble family and such of the nobility as came there. At the second table in the Dining-room sat knights and honorable gentlemen attended by footmen.

"In the hall at the first table sat Sir R. Blackstone, Steward, the Comptroller, Secretary, Master of the Horse, Master of the Fishponds, my Lord Herbert's Preceptor, with such gentlemen as came there under the degree of knight, attended by footmen and plentifully served with wine.

"At the third table in the hall sate the Clerk of the Kitchen, with the Yeomen, officers of the House, two Grooms of the Chamber, etc.

"Other officers of the Household were the Chief Auditor, Clerk of Accounts, Purveyor of the Castle, Usher of the Hall, Closet Keeper, Gentleman of the Chapel, Keeper of the Records, Master of the Wardrobe, Master of the Armory, Master Groom of the Stable for the 12 War-horses, Master of the Hounds, Master Falconer, Porter and his men, two Butchers, two Keepers of the Home Park, two Keepers of the Red Deer Park, Footmen, Grooms and other Menial Servants to the number of 150. Some of the footmen were Brewers and Bakers.

"Out offices.—Steward of Ragland, Governor of Chepstow Castle, Housekeeper of Worcester House in London, thirteen Bailiffs, two Counsel for the Bailiffs—who looked after the estate—to have recourse to, and a Solicitor."

In a delicious old volume, now rarely to be met with, called *The Old*, published eighty years ago, Francis Grose the antiquary thus describes certain characters typical of the country life of the earlier half of the seventeenth century: "When I was a young man there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, resident in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin.

Her dress I have now before me; it consisted of a stiff-starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch-cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels, with impunity. By the side of this old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner-cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials and purges for the use of poorer neighbors. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

"Another character, now worn out and gone, was the country squire: I mean the little, independent country gentleman of three hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance to the county-town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterward adjourned to the neighboring ale-

house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a friend's house by cracking his whip or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the Fifth of November or some other gala-day, when he would make a howl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called calimanco-work, or of red brick; large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan and dagger borne by his ancestors in the Civil Wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice and a Book of Farriery. In the corner, by the fireside, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the forum of ale was in continual circulation. The best parlor, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors—the men, some in the character of shepherds with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes, and others in complete armor or buff-coats; the females, likewise as shepherdesses with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes. Alas! these men and these houses are no more! The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country and become humble dependents on great men, to solicit a place or commission, to live in London, to rack their tenants and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is in the meantime suffered to tumble down or is partly upheld as a farm-house, till after a few years the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighboring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor or limb of the law."

It is unquestionably owing to the love of country life amongst the higher classes that England so early attained in many respects what may be termed an even civilization. In almost all other countries the traveler beyond the confines of a few great cities finds himself in a region of comparative semi-barbarism. But no one familiar with English country life can say that this is the case in the rural districts of England, while it is most unquestionably so in Ireland, simply because she has through absenteeism been deprived of those influences which have done so much for her wealthy sister. Go where you will in England to-day, and you will find within five miles of you a good turnpike road, leading to an inn hard by, where you may get a clean and comfortable though simple dinner, good bread, good butter, and a carriage—"fly," is the term now, as in the days of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—to convey you where you will. And this was the case long before railways came into vogue.

The influence of the great house has very wide ramifications, and extends far beyond the radius of park, village and estate. It greatly affects the prosperity of the country and county towns. Go into Exeter or Shrewsbury on a market-day in the autumn months, and you will find the streets crowded with carriages. If a local herald be with you, he will tell you all about their owners by glancing at the liveries and panels. They belong, half of them, to the old county gentry, who have shopped here—always at the same shops, according as their proprietors are Whigs or Tories—for generations. It may well be imagined what a difference the custom of twenty gentlemen spending on an average twenty-five thousand dollars a year makes to a grocer or a draper. Besides, this class of customer demands a first-rate article, and consequently it is worth while to keep it in stock. The fishmonger knows that twenty great houses within ten miles require their handsome dish of fish for dinner as regularly as their bread and butter. It becomes worth his while, therefore, to secure a steady supply. In this way smaller people profit, and country life becomes pleasant to them too, inasmuch as the demands of the rich contribute to the comfort of those in moderate circumstances.

Let us pass to the daily routine of an affluent country home. The breakfast hour is from nine to eleven, except where hunting-men or enthusiasts in shooting are concerned. The former are often in the saddle before six, and young partridge-slayers may, during the first fortnight of September—after that their ardor abates a bit—be found in the stubbles at any hour after sunrise.

A country-house breakfast in the house of a gentleman with from three thousand a year upward, when several guests are in the house, is a very attractive meal. Of course its excel-

lence varies, but we will take an average case in the house of a squire living on his paternal acres with five thousand pounds a year and knowing how to live.

It is 10 A.M. in October; family prayers, usual in nine country-houses out of ten, which a guest can attend or not as he pleases, are over. The company is gradually gathering in the breakfast-room. It is an ample apartment, paneled with oak and hung with family pictures. If you have any appreciation for fine plate—and you are to be pitied if you have not—you will mark the charming shape and exquisite chasing of the antique urn and other silver vessels, which shine as brilliantly as on the day they left the silversmiths to Her Majesty, Queen Anne. No "Brummagen" patterns will you find here.

On the table at equidistant points stand two tiny tables or dumb-waiters, which are made to revolve. On these are placed sugar, cream, butter, preserves, salt, pepper, mustard, etc., so that every one can help himself without troubling others—a great desideratum, for many people are of the same mind on this point as a well-known English family, of whom it was once observed that they were very nice people, but didn't like being bored to pass the mustard.

On the sideboard are three beautiful silver dishes with spirit-lamps beneath them. Let us look under their covers. Broiled chicken, fresh mushrooms on toast, and stewed kidney. On a larger dish is fish, and ranged behind these hot viands are cold ham, tongue, pheasant and game-pie. On huge platters of wood, with knives to correspond, are farm-house brown bread and white bread, whilst on the breakfast table itself you will find hot rolls, toast—of which two or three fresh relays are brought in during breakfast—buttered toast, muffins and the freshest of eggs. The hot dishes at breakfast are varied almost every morning, and where there is a good cook a variety of some twenty dishes is made.

Marmalade (Marie Malade) of oranges—said to have been originally prepared for Mary queen of Scots when ill, and introduced by her into Scotland—and "jams" of apricot and other fruit always form part of an English or Scotch breakfast. The living is just as good—often better—among the five-thousand-pounds-a-year gentry as among the very wealthy: the only difference lies in the number of servants and guests.

The luncheon-hour is from one to two. At luncheon there will be a roast leg of mutton or some such *pièce de résistance*, and a made dish, such as minced veal—a dish, by the way, not the least understood in this country, where it is horribly mangled—two hot dishes of meat and several cold, and various sorts of pastry. These, with bread, butter, fruit, cheese, sherry, port, claret and beer, complete the meal.

Few of the men of the party are present at this meal, and those who are eat but little, reserving their forces until dinner. All is placed on the table at once, and not, as at dinner, in courses. The servants leave the room when they have placed everything on the table, and people wait on themselves. Dumb-waiters with clean plates, glasses, etc. stand at each corner of the table, so that there is very little need to get up for what you want.

The afternoon is usually passed by the ladies alone, or with only one or two gentlemen who don't care to shoot, etc., and is spent in riding, driving and walking. Englishwomen are great walkers. With their skirts conveniently looped up, and boots well adapted to defy the mud, they brave all sorts of weather. "Oh it rains! what a bore!" We can't go out," said a young lady, standing at the breakfast-room window at a house in Ireland; to which her host rejoined, "If you don't go out here when it rains, you don't go out at all;" which is pretty much the truth.

About five o'clock, as you sit over your book in the library, you hear a rapid firing off of guns, which apprises you that the men have returned from shooting. They linger awhile in the gun-room talking over their sport and seeing the record of the killed entered in the game-book. Then some, doffing the shooting gear for a free-and-easy but scrupulously neat attire, repair to the ladies' sitting-room or the library for "kettledrum."

On a low table is placed the tea equipage, and tea in beautiful little cups is being dispensed by fair hands. This is a very pleasant time in many houses, and particularly favorable to fun and flirtation. In houses where there are children, the cousins of the house and others very intimate adjourn to the school-room, where, when the party is further re-enforced by three or four boys home for the holidays, a scene of fun and frolic, which it requires all the energies of the staid governess to prevent going too far, ensues.

So time speeds on until the dressing-bell rings at seven o'clock, summoning all to prepare for the great event of the day—dinner. Every one dons evening-attire for this meal; and so strong a feeling obtains on this point that if, in case of his luggage going wrong or other accident, a man is compelled to join the party in morning-clothes, he feels painfully "fish-out-of-waterish." We know, indeed, of a case in which a guest absurdly sensitive would not come down to dinner until the arrival of his things, which did not make their appearance for a week.

Ladies' dress in country-houses depends altogether upon the occasion. If it be a quiet party of intimate friends, their attire is of the simplest, but in many fashionable houses the amount of dressing is fully as great as in London. English ladies do not dress nearly as expensively or with so much taste as Americans, but, on the

other hand, they have the subject much less in their thoughts; which is perhaps even more desirable.

There is a degree of pomp and ceremony, which, however, is far from being unpleasant, at dinner in a large country-house. The party is frequently joined by the rector and his wife, a neighboring squire or two, and a stray parson, so that it frequently reaches twenty. Of course in this case the pleasantness of the prandial period depends largely upon whom you have the luck to get next to; but there's this advantage in the situation over a similar one in London—that you have, at all events, a something of local topics in common, having picked up a little knowledge of places and people during your stay, or if you are quite a new-comer, you can easily set your neighbor a-going by questions about surroundings. Generally there is some acquaintance between most of the people staying in a house, as hosts make up their parties with the view of accommodating persons wishing to meet others whom they like. Young men will thus frequently get a good-natured hostess to ask some young lady whose society they especially affect, and thus country-houses become proverbially adapted for match-making.

There are few houses now-a-days in which the gentlemen linger in the dining-room long after the ladies have left it. Habits of hard drinking are now almost entirely confined to young men in the army and the lower classes. The evenings are spent chiefly in conversation: sometimes a rubber of whist is made up, or, if there are a number of young people, there is dancing.

A rather surprising step which occasioned something of a scandalous sensation in the social world was resorted to some years ago at a country-house in Devonshire. Two or three fast young ladies, finding the evening somewhat heavy, and lamenting a dearth of dancing men, rang the bell, and in five minutes the lady of the house, who was in another room, was agitated at seeing them whirling round in their James's arms. It was understood that the ringleader in this enterprise, the daughter of an Irish earl, was not likely to be asked to repeat her visit.

About eleven wine and water and biscuits are brought into the drawing-room, and a few minutes later the ladies retire. The wine and water, with the addition of other stimulants, are then transferred to the billiard and smoking-rooms, to which the gentlemen adjourn so soon as they have changed their black coats for dressing-gowns or lounging suits, in which great latitude is given to the caprice of individual fancy.

The sittings in these parlors are protracted until any hour, as the servants usually go to bed when they have provided every one with his flat candle-stick—that emblem of gentility which always so prominently recurred to the mind of Mrs. Micawber when recalling the happy days when she "lived at home with papa and mamma." In some fast houses pretty high play takes place at such times.

It not unfrequently happens that the master of the house takes but a very limited share in the recreations of his guests, being much engrossed by the various avocations which fall to the lot of a country proprietor. After breakfast in the morning he will make it his business to see that each gentleman is provided with such recreation as he likes for the day. This man will shoot, that one will fish; Brown will like to have a horse and go over to see some London friends who are staying ten miles off; Jones has heaps of letters which must be written in the morning, but will ride with the ladies in the afternoon; and when all these arrangements are completed the squire will drive off with his old confidential groom in the dog-cart, with that fast-trotting bay, to attend the county meeting in the nearest cathedral town or dispense justice from the bench at Pottleton; and when eight o'clock brings all together a dinner and agreeable diversity is given to conversation by each man's varied experiences during the day.

Of course some houses are desperately dull, whilst others are always agreeable. Haddo House, during the lifetime of Lord Aberdeen, the prime minister, had an exceptional reputation for the former quality. It was said to be the most silent house in England; and silence in these instances was regarded as quite the reverse of golden. The family scarcely ever spoke, and the guest, finding that his efforts brought no response, became alarmed at the echoes of his own voice. Lord Aberdeen and his son, Lord Haddo—an amiable but weak and eccentric man, father of the young earl who dropped his title and was drowned whilst working as mate of a merchantman—did not get on well together, and saw very little of each other for some years. At length a reconciliation was effected, and the son was invited to Haddo. Anxious to be pleasant and conciliatory, he faltered out admiringly, "The place looks nice, the trees are very green." "Did you expect to see 'em blue, then?" was the encouraging paternal rejoinder.

The degree of luxury in many of these great houses is less remarkable than its completeness. Everything is in keeping, thus presenting a remarkable contrast to most of our rich men's attempts at the same. The dinner, cooked by a *cordon bleu* of the cuisine—whose resources, in the way of "hot plates" and other accessories for furnishing a superlative dinner are unrivaled—is often served on glittering plate, or china

*Frenchmen say that the best English dinners are now the best in the world, because they combine the finest French *entrées* and *entremets* with *pièces de résistance* of unrivaled excellence.

almost equally valuable, by men six feet high, of splendid figure, and dressed with the most scrupulous neatness and cleanliness. Gloves are never worn by servants in first-rate English houses, but they carry a tiny napkin in their hands which they place between their fingers and the plates. Nearly all country gentlemen are hospitable, and it very rarely happens that guests are not staying in the house. A county ball or some other such gathering fills it from garret to cellar.

The best guest-rooms are always reserved for the married: bachelors are stowed away comparatively "anywhere." In winter fires are always lit in the bed-rooms about five o'clock, so that they may be warm at dressing-time; and shortly before the dressing-bell rings the servant deputed to attend upon a guest who does not bring a valet with him goes to his room, lays out his evening-toilette, puts shirt, socks, etc., to air before the fire, places a capacious pitcher of boiling water on the washing-stand, and having lit the candles, drawn the easy-chair to the fire, just ready on provocation to burst into a blaze, lights the wax candle on the dressing-table and withdraws.

In winter the guest is asked whether he likes a fire to get up by, and in that event a housemaid enters early with as little noise as possible and lights it. On rising in the morning you find all your clothes carefully brushed and put in order, and every appliance for ample ablutions at hand.

A guest gives the servant who attends him a tip of from a dollar and a quarter to five dollars, according to the length of his stay. If he shoots, a couple of sovereigns for a week's sport is a usual fee to a keeper. Some people give absurdly large sums, but the habit of giving them has long been on the decline. The keeper supplies powder and shot, and sends in an account for them. Immense expense is involved in these shooting establishments. The late Sir Richard Sutton, a great celebrity in the sporting world, who had the finest shooting in England, and therefore probably in the world, used to say that every pheasant he killed cost him a guinea. On some estates the sale of the game is in some degree a set-off to the cost of maintaining it, just as the sale of the fruit decreases the cost of pineries, etc. Nothing but the fact that the possession of land becomes more and more vested in those who regard it as luxury could have enabled this sacrifice of farming to sport to continue so long. It is the source of continual complaint and resentment on the part of the farmers, who are only pacified by allowance being made to them out of their rent for damage done by game.

The expense of keeping up large places becomes heavier every year, owing to the constantly increasing rates of wages, etc., and in some cases imposes a grievous burden, eating heavily into income and leaving men with thousands of acres very poor balances at their bankers to meet the Christmas bills. Those who have large families to provide for, and get seriously behindhand, usually shut up or let their places—which latter is easily done if they be near London or in a good shooting country—and recoup on the continent; but of late years prices there have risen so enormously that this plan of restoring the equilibrium between income and expenditure is far less satisfactory than it was forty years ago. The encumbrances on many estates are very heavy. A nobleman who twenty years ago succeeded to an entailed estate, with a house almost gutted, through having had an execution put in it, and a heavy debt—some of which though not legally bound to liquidate, he thought it his duty to settle—acted in a very spirited manner which few of his order have the courage to imitate. He dropped his title, went abroad and lived for some years on about three thousand dollars a year. He has now paid off all his encumbrances, and has a clear income, steadily increasing, of a hundred thousand dollars a year. In another case a gentleman accomplished a similar feat by living in a corner of his vast mansion and maintaining only a couple of servants.

In Ireland, owing to the lower rates of wages and far greater—in the remoter parts—cheapness of provisions, large places can be maintained at considerably less cost, but they are usually far less well kept, partly owing to their being on an absurdly large scale as compared with the means of the proprietors, and partly from the slovenly habits of the country. And in some cases people who could afford it will not spend the money. There are, however, notable exceptions. Powerscourt in Wicklow, the seat of Viscount Powerscourt, and Woodstock, in Kilkenny, the beautiful demesne of Mr. Tighe, are probably in as perfect order as any seats in England. A countryman was sent over to the latter one day with a message from another country. "Well, Jerry," said the master on his return, "what do you think of Woodstock?" "Shure, your honor," was the reply, "I never seed such a power of girl's a-swapping up the leaves."

Country-house life in Ireland and Scotland is almost identical with that in England, except that, in the former especially, there is generally less money. Scotland has of late years become so much the fashion, and has risen so enormously in value, and properties are so very large, that some of the establishments such as those at Drumlanrig, Danrobin, Gordon Castle and Floors, the seats respectively of the Dukes of Buccleuch, Sutherland, Richmond and Roxburgh, are on a princely scale. The number of wealthy squires is far fewer than in England. It is a curious feature in the Scottish character that notwithstanding the radical politics of the country—for scarcely a conservative is returned

by it—the people cling fondly to primogeniture and their great lords, who, probably to a far greater extent than in England hold the soil. The Duke of Sutherland possesses nearly the whole of the county from which he derives his title, whilst the Duke of Buccleuch owns the greater part of four.

Horses are such a very expensive item that a large stable is seldom found unless there is a very large income, for otherwise the rest of the establishment must be cut down to a low figure. Hunting millionaires keep from ten to twenty, or even thirty, hacks and hunters, besides four or five carriage-horses. Three or four riding-horses, three carriage-horses and a pony or two is about the usual number in the stable of a country gentleman with from five to six thousand pounds a year. The stable-staff would be a coachman, groom and two helpers. The number of servants in country-houses varies from seven or eight to eighty, but probably there are not ten houses in the country where it reaches so high a figure as the last: from fifteen to twenty would be a common number.

There are many popular bachelors and old maids who live about half the year in the country-houses of their friends. A gentleman of this sort will have his chambers in London and his valet, whilst the lady will have her lodgings and maid. In London they will live cheaply and comfortably, he at his club and dining out with rich friends, she in her snug little room and passing half her time in friends' houses. There is not the slightest surrender of independence about these people. They would not stay a day in a house which they did not like, but their pleasant manners and company make them acceptable, and friends are charmed to have them.

One of the special recommendations of a great country-house is that you need not see too much of any one. There is no necessary meeting except at meals—in many houses then even only at dinner—and in the evening. Many sit a great deal in their own rooms if they have writing or work to do; some will be in the billiard-room, others in the library, others in the drawing-room: the host's great friend will be with him in his own private room, while the hostess's will pass most of the time in that lady's boudoir.

In some respects railroads have had a very injurious effect on the sociability of English country life. They have rendered people in great houses too apt to draw their supplies of society exclusively from town. English trains run so fast that this can be done in places quite remote from London. The journey from London to Rugby, for instance, eighty miles, is almost invariably accomplished in two hours. Leaving at five in the afternoon, a man reaches that station at 7.10: his friend's well-appointed dog-cart is there to meet him, and that exquisitely neat young groom, with his immaculate buckskins and boots in which you may see yourself, will make the thoroughbred do the four miles to the hall in time to enable you to dress for dinner by 7.45. Returning on Tuesday morning—and all the lines are most accommodating about return tickets—the barrister, guardsman, government clerk can easily be at his post in town by eleven o'clock. Thus the actual "country people" get to be held rather cheap, and come off badly, because Londoners, being more in the way of hearing, seeing and observing what is going on in society, are naturally more congenial to fine people in country-houses who live in the metropolis half the year.

It is evident from the following amusing squib, which appeared in one of the *Annals* for 1832, how far more dependent the country gentleman was upon his country neighbors in those days, when only idle men could run down from town:

"Mr. J., having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country-houses, reduced to the dullness of a domestic circle, and nearly led to commit suicide in the month of November, or, what is more melan-

*Perhaps the most charming idea of a country-house was that conceived by Mr. Mathew of Thomastown—a huge mansion still extant, now the property of the Count de Jarnac, to whom it descended. This gentleman, who was an ancestor of the celebrated temperance leader, probably had as much claret drunk in his house as any one in his country, which is saying a good deal.

He had an income which would be equivalent to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in our money, and for several years traveled abroad and spent very little. On his return with an ample sum of ready money, he carried into execution a long cherished scheme of country life.

He arranged his immense mansion after the fashion of an inn. The guests arrived, were shown to their rooms, and treated as though they were in the most perfectly-appointed hotel. They ordered dinner when they pleased, dined together or alone as suited them, hunted, shot, played billiards, cards, etc., at will, and kept their own horses. There was a regular bar, where drinks of the finest quality were always served. The host never appeared in that character; he was just like any other gentleman in the house.

The only difference from a hotel lay in the choice character of the company, and the fact that not a farthing might be disbursed. The servants were all paid extra, with the strict understanding that they did not accept a farthing, and that any dereliction from this rule would be punished by instant dismissal.

Unlike most Irish establishments, especially at that date (about the middle of the last century), this was managed with the greatest order, method and economy.

Among the notable guests was Dean Swift, whose astonishment at the magnitude of the place, with the lights in hundreds of windows at night, is mentioned by Dr. Sheridan.

It is pleasant to add in this connection that the Count and Countess de Jarnac worthily sustain the high character earned a century since by their remarkable ancestor, who was one of the best and most benevolent men of his day.

choly, to invite the ancient and neighboring families of the Tags, the Bags and the Bobtails, has opened an office in Spring Gardens for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms. It will appear from the catalogue that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to start at a moment's warning to any country gentleman at any house. Among them will be found three Scotch peers, several ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole Peninsular War), twenty-seven dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present."

A country village very often has no inhabitants except the parson holding the rank of gentry. The majority of ladies in moderate or narrow circumstances live in county-towns, such as Exeter, Salisbury, etc., or in watering places which abound and are of all degrees of fashion and expense. County-town and watering-place society is a thing *per se*, and has very little to do with "county" society, which means that of the landed gentry living in their country-houses. Thus, noblemen and gentlemen within a radius of five miles of such watering-places as Bath, Tonbridge Wells and Weymouth would not have a dozen visiting acquaintances resident in those towns.

To get into "county" society is by no means easy to persons without advantages of position or connection, even with ample means, and to the wealthy manufacturer or merchant is often a business of years. The upper class of Englishmen, and more especially women, are accustomed to find throughout their acquaintance an almost identical style and set of manners. Anything which differs from this they are apt to regard as "ungentlemanlike or unladylike," and shun accordingly. The dislike to traders and manufacturers, which is very strong in those counties, such as Cheshire and Warwickshire, which environ great commercial centres, arises not from the folly of thinking commerce a low occupation, but because the county gentry have different tastes, habits and modes of thought from men who have worked their way up from the counting-room, and do not, as the phrase goes, "get on," with them, any more than a Wall street broker ordinarily gets on with a well-to-do, accomplished member of the Bar.

A result of this is that a large number of wealthy commercial men, in despair of ever entering the charmed circle of county society, take up their abode in or near the fashionable watering-places, where, after the manner of those at our own Newport, they build palaces in paddocks, have acres of glass, rear the most marvelous of pines and peaches, and have model farms which cost them thousands of pounds a year. To this class is owing in a great degree the extraordinary increase of Leamington, Torquay, Tonbridge Wells, etc.,—places which have made the fortunes of the lucky people who chanced to own them.

English ladies, as a rule, take a great deal of interest in the poor around them, and really know a great deal of them. The village near the hall is almost always well attended to, but it unfortunately happens that outlying properties sometimes come off far less well. The classes which see nothing of each other in English rural life are the wives and daughters of the gentry and those of the wealthier farmers and tradesmen: between these sections a huge gulf intervenes, which has not as yet been in the least degree bridged over. In former days very great people used to have once or twice in the year what were called "public days," when it was open house for all who chose to come, with a sort of tacit understanding that none below the class of substantial yeomen or tradesmen would make their appearance. This custom has now fallen into disuse, but was maintained to the last by the Hon. Doctor Vernon-Harcourt, who was for more than half a century Archbishop of York, and is yet retained by Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, his princely seat in Yorkshire. There, once or twice a year, a great gathering takes place. Dinner is provided for hundreds of guests, and care is taken to place a member of the family at every table to do his or her part toward dispensing hospitality to high and low.

During the summer and early autumn croquet and archery offer good excuses for bringing young people together, and reunions of this kind palliate the miseries of those who cannot afford to partake of the expensive gayeties of the London season. The archery meetings are often exceedingly pretty fetes. Sometimes they are held in grounds specially devoted to the purpose, as is the case at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, where the archery-ground will well repay a visit. The shooting takes place in a deep and vast excavation covered with the smoothest turf, and from the high ground above is a glorious view of the old castle of Hastings and the ocean. In Devonshire these meetings have an exceptional interest from the fact that they are held in the park of Powderham Castle, the ancestral seat of the celebrated family of Courtenay. All the county flocks to them, some persons coming fifty miles for this purpose. Apropos of one of these meetings, we shall venture to interpolate an anecdote which deserves to be recorded for the sublimity of impudence which it displays. The railway from London to

Plymouth skirts the park of Powderham, running so close beside it that each train sends a herd of deer scampering down the velvet glades. One afternoon a bouncing young lady, who belonged to a family which had lately emerged from the class of yeoman into that of gentry, and whose "manners had not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," found herself in a carriage with two fashionably-attired persons of her own sex. As the train ran by the park, one of these latter exclaimed to her companion, "Oh look, there's Powderham! Don't you remember that archery-party we went to there two years ago?" "To be sure," was the rejoinder. "I'm not likely to forget it, there were some such queer people. Who were those vulgarians whom we thought so particularly objectionable? I can't remember." "Oh, H—: H—of P—! That was the name." Upon this the other young lady in the carriage bounded to her feet with the words, "Allow me to tell you, madam, that I am Miss H—of P—!" Neither of those she addressed deigned to utter a word in reply to this announcement, nor did it appear in the least to disconcert them. One slowly drew out a gold double eye-glass, leisurely surveyed Miss H—of P— from head to foot, and then proceeded to talk to her companion in French. Perhaps the best part of the joke was that Miss H—made a round of visits in the course of the week, and detailed the disgusting treatment to which she had been subjected to a numerous acquaintance, who, it is needless to say, appeared during the narration as indignant and sympathetic as she could have wished, but who are declared by some ill-natured persons to have been precisely those who in secret chuckled over the insult with the greatest glee.

English gentlemen experience an almost painful sensation as they journey through our land and observe the utter indifference of its wealthier classes to the charms of such a magnificent country. "Pearls before swine," they say in their hearts. "God made the country and man made the town." "Yes, and how obviously the American prefers the work of man to the work of the Almighty!" These and similar reflections no doubt fill the minds of many a thoughtful English traveler as the train speeds over hill and dale, field and forest. What sites are here! he thinks. What a perfect park might be made out of that wild ground! what cover-shooting there ought to be in that woodland! what fishing and boating on that lake! And then he groans in spirit as the cars enter a forest where trees lean against trees, and neglect reigns on all sides, and he thinks of the glorious oaks and beeches so carefully cared for in his own country, where trees and flowers are loved and petted as much as dogs and horses. And if anything can increase the contempt he feels for those who "don't care a rap" for country and country life, it is a visit to such resorts as Newport and Saratoga. There he finds men whose only notion of country life is what he would hold to be utterly destitute of all its ingredients. They build palaces in paddocks, take actually no exercise, play at cards for three hours in the forenoon, dine, and then drive out "just like ladies," we heard a young Oxonian exclaim—"got up" in the style that an Englishman adopts only in Hyde Park or Piccadilly.

When an American went to stay with Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, the great minister ordered horses for a ride in the delicious glades of the New Forest. When they came to the door his guest was obliged to confess himself no horseman. The premier, with ready courtesy, said, "Oh, then, we'll walk: it's all the same to me," but it wasn't quite the same. The incident was just one of those which separate the Englishman of a certain rank from the American.

There is of course a certain class of Americans, more especially among the *jeunesse dorée* of New York, who greatly affect sport: they "run" horses and shoot pigeons, but these are not persons who commend themselves to real gentlemen, English or American. They belong to the bad style of "fast men," and are as thoroughly distasteful to a Devonshire or Cheshire squire as to one who merits "the grand old name,"—which they conspicuously defame—in their own country.

The English country-loving gentleman to whom we have been referring is, for the most part, of a widely different mould—a man of first-rate education, frequently of high attainments, and often one whose ends and aims in life are far higher than those of pleasure, even of the most innocent kind, but who, when he takes it, derives it chiefly from the country. Many of this kind will instantly occur to those acquainted with English worthies: to mention two—John Evelyn and Sir Powell Buxton.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

KEEP the cows clean by the free use of the card or currycomb and brush. If you do not "believe in it," try it on a few cows, and let the others go dirty. You will soon be satisfied that it pays to make the cows clean and comfortable.

At a local meeting in New-England one speaker said he considers the value of his farm enhanced fully \$1,000 in consequence of the attractiveness given to it by five elm trees planted along the roadside by his grandfather 85 years ago.

ABOLISH INSIDE FENCES.—Fences, at best, are costly things. The sooner we get rid of thousands of miles of them in New-England the better it will be for us. Under our laws they are not necessary on roadsides, and are rarely so in fields. We are glad to notice that large fields are fashionable now, instead of small ones. Stop putting up new fences and patching up old ones, and put the same labor into a more perfect cultivation, and the difference in income will soon alter the whole condition of the family for the better.

FAMILY MATTERS.

FLAVORING FOR CUSTARDS.—Peach leaves, steeped in brandy, make an excellent flavoring for custards, &c.

TOMATO JAM.—Take full-grown green tomatoes, peel them very thinly, and boil with a pound of sugar to every pound of the peeled green tomato cut in slices; boil for about an hour and a half. A more piquant taste may be secured if the juice of two good-sized lemons be added to every six pounds of fruit, and the quantity of sugar lessened by giving only five pounds of sugar to six of tomatoes. Then drop the squeezed lemon halves into the saucepan, and let them boil, taking out at time of potting.

HINTS ON BUILDING HOUSES.—In arranging your house a good hint is given by the *American Builder*, to allow room for plenty of windows. And then, O housewife, keep your blinds open during the day, and your curtains drawn aside. If you let the sun in freely it may "fade your carpets," but if you do not it will be sure to cause ill-health to the mother and children. The sun is a good physician. He has never had due credit for his curative qualities—for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks that come from his healing bath. Do you know how puny is the growth of the potato-vine along the darkened cellar wall? Such is the health of human beings living where the sun is intercepted by the window's drapery."

PLUM PUDDING.—Take one pound of the best stoned raisins and a pound of currants; chop one pound of beef suet very small; blanch and pound two ounces of sweet almonds and half an ounce of bitter ones. Mix the whole well together with a pound of sifted flour and the same weight of bread crumb soaked in milk. Squeeze it dry and stir with a spoon until reduced to a mash before it is mixed with the flour. Cut into small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange and lemon peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice. Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a basin with eight eggs well beaten. Stir this with the pudding and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Pour a gill of brandy over the fruit and spice and allow it to stand for three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring occasionally. Then tie the whole in a cloth and boil it for five hours.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORTON finds that the bright bands in the spectra of fluorescent light emitted by various bodies may be employed as a means of detecting the presence of impurities in these bodies.

The disinfection of a room is not complete unless the walls have also been thoroughly cleaned. If they are papered the paper must be removed, and the surface beneath carefully scraped and washed; if the walls are painted they should be washed with caustic soda. The ceiling should also be subject to similar treatment.

PLANET states that when a tuning-fork in vibration is brought near a flame, a loud tone is suddenly perceived, which in the case of a rapidly burning gas-flame is quite as loud as that produced by placing the foot of the fork upon a sounding-board. The loudest tone is produced by bringing the flame between the prongs of the vibrating fork.

ZÖLLNER has expressed the opinion that all current movements in liquids, especially if they are in contact with foreign bodies, are attended by a development of electricity. Beetz has recently repeated the experiment of Zöllner on which this opinion was founded, and he states that the currents are produced not by the flowing of the water, but by the reaction of the water, lead, and brass of the hydraulic apparatus on each other.

M. CARBONNIER, the great pisciculturist of Paris, states that the Paradise or Peacock fish have some singular habits; among these he mentions the fact, that as the female lays the eggs, the male carries them away in his mouth and deposits them in a nest which he builds for them. He will not allow the female to come anywhere near the nest, and if she ventures to approach swings himself round and drives her away.

The effects of the recent eruption on the condition of Vesuvius are described as follows by M. de Saussure:

1. The mountain has been divided by a rent running nearly from north to south-south-west.
2. The lava rising in the rent has rushed along the two sides on the north to the very foot of the cone; on the south, half-way down, in much less abundance.
3. The summit of the mountain has been lowered and flattened.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

If our passions rule us, they will ruin us. MAKE men intelligent and they become inventive. THE best words are those which have the fewest syllables.

LET no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

PURCHASED love and friendship stop when the banker suspends payment.

A MAN may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

In making our arrangements to live, we should never forget that we have also to die.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

REPENTANCE is too often not so much regret for the evil we have done as fear for its consequences to us.

"In proportion to a man's intelligence," says Pascal, "does he detect originality in other men. Common people think all men alike."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action done as it ought to be, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

A WELL-BRED woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from insult, from much blame, and from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

"FOR myself," said Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose; but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's."

NEVER expect a selfishly ambitious man to be a true friend. He who makes ambition his god, tramples on everything else. He will climb upward, though he treads on the hearts of those who love him best, and in his eyes your only value lies in the use you may be to him. Personally, one is nothing to him, and if you are not rich, or famous, or powerful enough to advance his interests, after he has got above you he cares no more for you.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

HERE'S ONE ABOUT A LITTLE SHAVER—age not recorded: The other day a little shaver was exclaiming on the injurious effect of tobacco. Said he: "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

"I DECLARE," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obediah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a linen-draper's shop then, and I thought he was going to give me all there was in it. I was young, and did not know till afterwards that it meant one calico dress a year."

A WOULD-BE author was advised to try the effect of one of his compositions on the folks at home, without confessing its authorship. His mother fell asleep, his sister groaned, his brother asked him to "shut up," as they had had quite a sufficient shower of words without wit, and at last his wife tapped him upon the shoulder, with the sweetest possible "Won't that do?" He then saw how it was himself, buried his portfolio, recovered his digestion, and has been a happy man ever since.

HERE is a paragraph which we take bodily from a Western newspaper, frankly confessing our inability to improve it: "A sanguine young Atehon had faith in his ability to make himself the receptacle of four pints of raw whiskey within fifteen minutes. He wagered \$25 to that effect with a skeptic of the neighborhood, and made a suburban bar-room the scene of the performance. Upon his neat and ornamented tombstone, now in process of erection, will be inscribed the simple epitaph, 'He smiled and died.'"

THE Boston *Globe* says: "Our friend Potts read somewhere that electric sparks could be evolved from a cat by taking it into a dark room and rubbing its back. He made the experiment, and was surprised to hear a loud yell and to feel something clawing across his face. Then he missed the cat. Mr. Potts is now uncertain whether he was struck by lightning evolved from the cat's back, or whether she became unduly excited as he stroked her and stroked back again; but he is certain that, when he undertakes to procure electricity again from a cat, he will first soothe her with a shot gun."

A TUNNEL JOKE.—A Kansas youth played a trick on two girls the other day, who were returning from school, and just about entering society, which, for real meanness, can't be beat. Occupying a seat on the train just back of them, he entered into a flirtation, which was in no way discouraged. The train came to a dark tunnel, and when it got midway he kissed the back of his own hand audibly—gave it a regular buss. Each girl, of course, charged the other with guilt, and the passengers thought possibly the youth had kissed both. When they got home each told the joke on the other, and for the first time two girls have the credit of having been kissed without having enjoyed the pleasure.

A BARBER was waited upon one morning by a nice young gentleman, who desired the hairdresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely caput in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marvelled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave. The original customer who made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that "one couldn't tell 'tween from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

OUR PUZZLER.

15. BURIED PROVERBS.

Put on your spurs, and be at your speed. Slow and sure wins the race. Conduct and courage lead to honor. Promise little, and do much. Craft must be veiled, but truth goes naked. Quick returns make rich merchants. Better to slip with the foot than the tongue. To say little, and perform much, is noble. One word taken from each proverb, in rotation, will make another proverb.

E. T. S.

16. ENIGMA.

In America, Africa, Asia I'm seen, Though in Europe, 'tis true, I never have been; In woods and in forests I never am found, In civilized cities I always abound. In sins and iniquities my home's by right— Though quarrels avoiding, I'm ne'er last in fight; In the abodes of the good I never have dwelled, In derision by all I doubly am held; I'm ne'er seen in church, in chapel, at prayer, And am sure to be found in riot or fair; In oblivion and grief I am doomed to remain, And shall ne'er be released from prison or pain; In evil pursuits I take part most profanely, And without me a maid is insane, very plainly.

S. W. HARDING.

17. CHARADE.

My first makes everything extinct, Until my second's to it linked; My second has no other use, Alone, but all things to reduce; My whole ne'er quiets, onward wending,— 'Tis working ever, never ending.

JESSY.

18. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

An Irish river; a tributary of the Ouse; an island in the Baltic; a British possession in Africa; a range of mountains in Asia; a Chinese city; a town in the North of Denmark; a loch in the Hebrides; a town in Canada; and a Scotch county. The initials will give you the name of a celebrated general, the final that of his greatest rival.

GROUSE.

ANSWERS.

15. NAME PUZZLE: Soldier; Italian; Chapter; Slander; Impaled; Derided; Merrily.—STANLEY.
16. ENIGMA: A Gridiron.
17. CHARADE: Livingstone.
18. REBUS: Twine; Wine; Twin; Win; Tin; Wit; Not; Ten; Wet.

Continued from page 65.

"I will try to persuade him to give you to me, nevertheless, little one, and I think I shall succeed."

"I hope you will," she replied; "but if he don't, what can we do?"

"Do without it!"

"What! Harry, you surely would not want to marry me without papa's consent."

"Of course I would much rather have it, than not, but, if he won't give it what else can we do. I want to marry you, darling, not your father, and I mean to do it at all hazards."

He meant it too, and no one but himself knew the full meanings of those two words, "all hazards." He fully recognised the risk he ran in marrying again while his wife lived; but, would she live? Only he and his God knew what he had determined on that point.

He could not possibly have pleased Miss Howson more than by telling her he meant to marry her at all hazards. It had a smack of the "going through fire and water" about it which she had always fondly hoped to experience in real life. She was fully prepared to run away with him that night, and would probably have consented had he proposed it. But he did not propose it; his next question had something more of the prosaic about it.

"Annie, don't you think it would, perhaps, be better if we kept our engagement secret for a week or two, and in the meanwhile I can get to know your father better, and possibly he may learn to like me and so not refuse his consent when I ask for you?"

And then arose before Miss Howson's vision another scene. A grand marriage at the Cathedral; splendid wedding presents; half-a-dozen bridesmaids; a champagne breakfast; the congratulations of friends; the envy of rivals; a paragraph in the paper, and a wedding tour.

Yes; take it all together, Miss Howson thought she preferred the realistic to the romantic side of the picture; and, altho' she was fully determined to get married without her father's consent, if necessary, she thought it would probably be better to obtain the paternal blessing if possible; and, therefore, she said, after a slight pause:

"Perhaps you are right, Harry, it would be better to gain papa's consent; and if you desire it our engagement can remain a secret for the present; but not for long, Harry dear, I am so anxious to show you to the world as my affianced husband."

She allowed him to kiss her again, and I am not very certain, but what she kissed him in return, for there was a pause of several seconds, and the sound of labial salutations several times repeated before he spoke again.

"I think two weeks will be sufficient, darling; if I cannot gain his consent in that time, I may well despair of ever doing so."

"Perhaps I can help you, Harry."

"Certainly, darling, I expect you to assist me all you can."

"But I don't mean by myself, Harry, I mean through some one else; some one papa has a very high opinion of, and in whose judgment he places great confidence."

Her manner was not very confident, and she seemed rather doubtful as to the manner in which he would receive her answer to the question he immediately asked her:

"Who, Miss Moxton?"

"No; some one whose opinion papa places more dependence than he does on auntie's."

"Who?"

"Charlie Morton."

"Charlie Morton?"

"Yes; he told me he had known you from boyhood; that you were at school together, and if he will only help us I know papa will consent; he will almost always follow Charlie—Mr. Morton's—advice, and Charlie—Mr. Morton—will do anything I ask him."

He thought over this for some time. The idea that the brother of his wife should use his influence to gain him the hand of another while that wife lived was something which staggered him for a moment; and the multitude of thoughts which crowded into his brain as to his own designs with regard to that wife pressed on his brain so strongly that he remained silent for several minutes, and scarcely heard Annie's question:

"Well, what do you say? Don't you think we had better get Mr. Morton to help us?"

"No," he exclaimed half starting from his seat, "I will owe nothing to Charlie Morton; I will win you, or lose, by my own exertions. I might lose you, but I intend to try hard to win you, and when I try I am hard to beat."

ACT III.

DEAD.

SCENE I.

MR. FARRON FINDS A SUBJECT.

August twenty-ninth; time, six o'clock in the evening; place, Mrs. Grub's boarding house in St. Urban Street.

Mr. Frank Farron and his friend Mr. Gus Fowler occupied, jointly, a medium sized room on the second floor of a boarding-house in St. Urban Street. The room was furnished like most second class boarding-houses with a good deal of nothing and very little of anything. The most prominent feature in it was a huge stove which stood in one corner and occupied a very fair portion of the rather limited space and which alternately kept the room too warm or

too cold owing to its having a weakness for suddenly blazing up very hot and then burning rapidly out. The landlady said it was the fault of the draught, but Mr. Fowler stoutly maintained that it was due to the plentiful scarcity of coal. This stove was never taken down but stood solemnly in its corner winter and summer.

The remaining furniture consisted of two chairs, a washstand with a cracked basin and a mug minus the handle, a couple of trunks, a small table, and a bed which Fowler declared would soon prove too small if Farron continued to get stout in the way he was doing. The carpet was old, faded, and torn, and frequent patches bore evidence of the thriftfulness of its owner. The walls were covered with dingy paper which showed all its blackened ugliness when the young men took possession of the room, but Mr. Fowler soon remedied that defect by hanging on it half-a-dozen sporting pictures of impossible horses running without taking the trouble to touch the ground, and by suspending a pair of monster snow-shoes which neither he nor his companion could wear.

Messrs. Farron and Fowler were medical students attending Victoria College; and, altho' their lodging was not very sumptuous they

an amputation of the thigh just at the hip-bone; I never read a more interesting case."

"Oh, hang it! don't talk shop. I thought you were reading a novel or I would have spoken to you long ago. What is the good of bothering about hip-bones and such things until term commences?"

"Well, term will commence in a week, and I thought I would polish up a bit; I've got awfully rusty during the summer vacation. Just read this description of the operation," he continued, offering Mr. Fowler the book.

"No, thank you, I don't care about hip-bones, especially after supper."

"I wish I could get a subject," half soliloquised Mr. Farron; "I should like to try that operation; it must be very interesting."

"If all you want is a subject, I suppose there are plenty in the cellar at the College."

"No. I've been there, and there is nothing very good. I should like to get a fresh one."

"I wish," said Mr. Fowler, half soliloquising, "that old mother Grub could find it convenient to die just now; if it's bones you want, she would supply little else, and if she proved only half as tough as the whit-leather she provides for us and honors with the name of beefsteak,

"Good hevening, gents both," said the man, pulling off his hat and making a scrape with his foot, "I 'opes I sees you well."

"Ah! Boggs, come in," said Mr. Farron, "called about that little bill, I suppose?"

"That's hit," replied Mr. Boggs promptly, taking one step into the room, and planting himself where the door-mat ought to have been but wasn't, for the reason that there was no door-mat. "You told me to call, yer 'oner, hand has I ham not driving this week, hi thought a few hextra stamps would 'elp to keep 'ouse. No hofference hintended, gents both."

"All right, Boggs, how much is it?" asked Mr. Farron with the proud confidence of a man who is prepared to cancel liabilities to any amount.

"Two dollars hand a 'alf, sir."

"Got change for a five?"

"Yes, yer 'oner," replied Mr. Boggs, apparently slightly surprised at finding so prompt a response to his demand from a quarter where he had expected an excuse. But Mr. Boggs' surprise changed to absolute astonishment when Mr. Farron drew from his pocket-book a considerable roll of fives and tens, and, selecting a five, handed it to him.

"Hall right, yer 'oner; 'ere's the change, with my hearty thanks, gents both."

"Take something, Boggs?" inquired Mr. Fowler, holding out the black bottle in one hand and a glass in the other.

"Thank'ee, sir, hi don't mind hif hi do."

He about half-filled the glass, made a sort of general sweep with his hand and saying, "Ere's your good 'ealths, gents both," gently tipped the glass and continued tilting until it was completely empty. He could not be said to have exactly "drunk" the liquor, he simply let it run down his throat; when it was down he smacked his lips in a satisfied manner, wiped them with the sleeve of his coat, and smiled pleasantly.

"Hi shall be hon the stand again next week, gents both," he said, "hand shall allers be 'appy to serve you hin hany way."

Farron and Fowler exchanged an expressive wink, and Mr. Boggs brushed his hat with his sleeve preparatory to taking his leave.

"Wait a minute, Boggs," said Farron. "Have you done anything in the way of carrying dead freight lately?"

"No, sir, hi haint done nothink hin that line lately, hand hi'm a'most afraid to try. The police makes themselves too busy with a poor man's business, hand hif hi was caught hit would be the death of the hold woman, she's that pertickler, gents both. There haint a better woman nowheres than the hold woman," he continued, warming with his subject, "hany she won't be 'appy; 'aint no use deling nothink fur her, she won't be 'appy; she's got a'most heverythink ha woman can want; she's ha 'ouse, hand ha 'ome, hand ha 'orse, hand ha 'usband with a 'appy 'art, but she will worrit and worrit herself hand won't be 'appy, hand hif hi was took hat the game you referred to, gents both, hit would worrit the hold woman to death."

Mr. Fowler made no direct reply to this speech, in fact he could scarcely be said to have replied to it at all, for he simply remarked, "Take another!" at the same time producing the black bottle.

Mr. Boggs evidently believed with Shakespeare that "brevity is the soul of wit," for he replied with the one word "Thanks," and took it.

"Now, Boggs," said Mr. Farron, "let's to business. I want a good fresh subject; can't you get one and take it to the College? You know it will be all right."

"Hi'd rather not, gents both, but hif it was made well worth my while, hi might keep my heye hopen, hand maybe hi might see some-thing."

"You need not be afraid of the pay; you know that is all right."

"His hit the hold price, gents both; hit's very little for the risk, hand bodies his hup."

"Yes, I have no doubt they are 'up' when you get hold of them," said Mr. Farron; "but, come now, I know you have managed many a quiet job before; get me a good subject inside of ten days and I don't mind giving you a trifle myself besides what the College pays."

Mr. Boggs paused for a moment, scratched his head, and then remarked:

"His hit ha man hor a woman; hor does it make no difference?"

"A woman would be best," said Mr. Farron promptly.

"Hi'm sorry for that. Hi hallers feels squeemish habout women; hi don't care se much habout men, but women his different; hit hallers makes me think hof my hold women."

"Don't let your feelings get the best of you, Boggs," said Mr. Farron. "You can make a good thing out of this if you like, and without any risk; why, bless me, how often is it you hear anything of body-snatching, and yet you know very well, Boggs, it's done oftener than most people suspect."

"Hi knows it, gents both, hi knows it. Did you say han hextra five hif it was a good one?"

"I did not say five, but, perhaps, it might be that."

"Well, hi'll do my best, gents both, hand hif hi succeeds you'll 'ear hof hit hinside hof ha week." After firing off which volley of h's Mr. Boggs bowed himself out of the room, and the students prepared themselves for an evening stroll.

(To be continued.)



"THE NEW YEAR WE GREET."—SEE PAGE 66.

found it convenient on account of its propinquity to the dissecting room.

On the evening in question both gentlemen were at home. Mr. Farron was seated at the table reading, and assisting his studies by constant application to a briar pipe, and occasional sips of something which was in a glass at his elbow, and which looked considerably darker than water. From time to time he would remove the pipe from his lips, make a fresh addition to the new pattern he was gradually producing on the carpet, consult the glass, replace his pipe and continue his reading.

Mr. Fowler was sitting by the stove with his feet resting on it, and his chair tripped slightly back. He was also armed with a briar pipe and a glass with something in it, but he was not ornamenting the carpet for the simple reason that he found it easier to open the stove door and convert that article into a gigantic spittoon.

Silence reigned supreme for about half an hour, when Fowler, having finished the contents of both the glass and the pipe, removed his feet from the stove and turned towards his companion:

"Say, Frank, what on earth are you studying so intently? I should think you had had enough of it by this time at any rate."

Mr. Farron looked up from his book, and, after an attack on the glass which completely emptied it, replied:

"I've been studying a magnificent case, Gus;

it would be fun to see you trying to cut her up. But, no," he continued, sadly shaking his head, "there is no such luck; she is one of the sort that never dies; she will gradually dry up, and some fine morning, when there is a stiff breeze, she will blow away like a chip, beefsteak and all. May the day not be far distant." He shook his head again, put something out of a black bottle into his glass, added a little—very little—water from the mug without a handle, took a sip with an air of satisfaction, lighted his pipe, and resumed his seat by the stove.

"Never mind your chaff now, Gus," said Mr. Farron, "old mother Grub won't die to please you, and I must look elsewhere for a subject."

"Then why don't you—" began Mr. Fowler, but ere he could complete the sentence he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the head of a servant-girl quickly following the knock, she announced:

"There's a man below wants to see you, Mr. Farron."

"Tell the man to come up."

The head was withdrawn and the two occupants of the room smoked on in silence until the door opened again and "the man" entered the room.

He was a middle-aged man of rather unprepossessing appearance, dressed in a short coat and well worn dark pants, which were rolled up at the bottoms as if constantly expecting a tramp through the mud.